

A PRECIOUS PEARL

CHAPTER IV.

"Mamma," said Audrey, "I do not know what you will say, but I have a secret. Mrs. Calverne wanted to write and tell you about it, but I begged of her to wait until I had seen you and told you myself."

It was a glorious evening, and Audrey had just returned home from her visit to River View, to the intense delight of both her parents, who had found the rectory without Audrey very dull indeed. There was nothing said during the drive from the station, but Mrs. Brooke looking at her beautiful child thought her much improved; there was a deeper light in the dark eyes, new loveliness on the fair young face. When Audrey went to change her dress Mrs. Brooke, with something like a mist of tears in her eyes, turned to her husband.

"You see, Fabian, I was right. Our child has been away from us, in the very midst of the gay world we both dreaded, and she has come back to us as simple, as pure of heart, as innocent of soul, as she was when she left."

Having said this, it was somewhat of a surprise to Mrs. Brooke when her daughter came to her with the frank and candid intelligence:

"Mamma, I have a secret. A gentleman is coming to see you next week, and I love him very much."

"My dearest child," cried Mrs. Brooke, half dismayed, half amused.

Audrey nodded her head with charming gravity.

"It is quite true, mamma. I do not wonder that you are surprised; I am astonished at myself. I have never thought about romance, and now it seems to me that I have never lived at all until I loved Roche; and if I lived a hundred years I should never love any one else."

"My dearest Audrey," cried the rector's lady, "who is it? I cannot realize it! You were but a child when you left me."

"I know I was a child when he spoke to me first. While he was speaking to me a new soul, a woman's soul, seemed to come to me."

"But, my dear child, who is he?" asked the anxious lady.

"Sir Roche Villiers of Rowan Abbey, I am sure you will like him, he is so handsome, clever and good."

"Sir Roche Villiers?" repeated the wondering lady, as he rose from her couch. "Do you mean what you are saying, Audrey?"

One look at the sweet, pure face reassured her; there was no pride, no vanity, no self-satisfaction there. The fact that her lover was wealthy and a man of title did not seem to have occurred to her. She remembered only that she loved him.

Mrs. Brooke repeated the name.

"Sir Roche Villiers! Audrey, how has come about it? He must move in quite a different sphere of life from ours."

"I should imagine so, mamma; but I have given little heed to that. I have so much to tell you. My life is going to be like a fairy tale; I am so happy—I love him so. When I am with him everything is quite different, so bright, so beautiful. I think no one else has ever loved any one so much."

He is coming next week, he says. I am almost afraid to tell you that he wants me to marry him very soon."

"My dear Audrey, it is possible that you are to be Lady Villiers of Rowan? I cannot believe it. I must tell your father at once."

Long after their daughter had retired to rest did the rector and his wife sit up to discuss the unexpected news.

The doctor looked anxiously at his wife's face.

"What do you think about it, Isabel?" he asked. "A man like Sir Roche Villiers could marry the daughter of a peer; there need be no limit to his ambition. Audrey has no fortune worth speaking of, no influential connections; why should he choose her?"

"Perhaps he loves her," said the mother, gently. "She is very fair and winsome; she has the great charm of purity and simplicity. Do not think I am foolish about my child, but I often fancy she is more like an angel than a mere mortal. Perhaps her sweet character has attracted him."

But Dr. Brooke was more worldly-wise than the gentle lady whom he called wife.

"I cannot help thinking," he said, "that there must be something we do not understand."

When some days later, Sir Roche came and in a manly way announced his proposal to the parents of Audrey, they were pleased with his appearance and unaffected manner. His proud, handsome face won their esteem, yet they could not quite comprehend the meaning of the sad look his features bore.

Dr. Brooke made a slight error—a pretext for his wife to leave the room. As the door closed on her retreating form, the rector turned suddenly to the handsome baronet.

"Sir Roche," he said, "tell me, why, when you could have chosen a wife from the aristocracy of England, you have preferred to marry my daughter?"

"It is not an equal marriage in the eyes of the world," remarked the rector. "Sometimes—pray pardon me for this thought—I have wondered whether you had any reason for choosing a wife quite unknown to the world."

For a moment the dark face flushed, and an angry light came into the proud eyes.

"I love all I have in the world at my daughter's feet," answered Sir Roche. "My wealth, my rank, my love, my heart, my life, I pray her in the

face of the whole world to be my wife. What can I do more?"

"Nothing," said Dr. Brooke. "I am ashamed of my question."

The first of the two gentlemen shook hands, and that same evening the day for the wedding was fixed.

CHAPTER V.

Every one agreed that it was one of the prettiest weddings that had ever been seen—the wedding of Sir Roche Villiers and Miss Brooke. It took place in the early autumn. The rector and his wife had both remonstrated about the shortness of the engagement, but Sir Roche had pleaded so hard that they let him have his way.

"I am never tired when I am with you," she said, laughing; and they went together.

First he took her to the ruined keep whence the abbey derived its name; he showed her the ivy-grown arch of what had been one of the finest windows in England. Then they went over the modern portion of the abbey; he showed her the state-rooms, the grand banquet hall, used when kings and queens came that way, the ball-room, the state drawing-room, the old library, the bedroom where kings and queens had slept, the picture gallery where the beautiful Ladies Villiers hung upon the walls.

They lingered long there; Audrey was charmed with the delicate patriarchal faces, and Sir Roche had a history for every portrait.

"This is my mother," he said, standing before the picture of a fair-faced lady, whose blue eyes were filled with light and love.

Audrey looked up with a smile. "And my place will be next to hers," she said.

She said, and she cried: "Why, Roche, there has been a picture here!"

His face grew white as death, and then flushed hotly.

"No picture will ever hang there but yours," he said, eagerly, as he hurriedly turned away.

She looked at the wall. Assuredly there had been a picture there; but her womanly tact told her not to speak to Sir Roche about it.

They went to the southern part of the abbey, and there again Sir Roche hesitated.

Audrey suddenly remembered what the housekeeper had said.

"Where are the rooms that were used until lately?" she asked. "I should like to see them."

They were large, lofty bright rooms. She referred them to her own.

"I should like these rooms," she said, "much better than my own."

But Sir Roche, generally so keenly alive to her least wish, now said nothing.

Several of the rooms were locked—the best of them, it seemed to her; and as she turned the handle of each Sir Roche's face grew paler.

Lady Villiers returned from her long inspection with a sense of mystery hanging over her which puzzled her.

She was so obedient to her husband from principle as well as from affection, that if he had expressed a wish that she should not enter the closed rooms in the south wing, she would never have entered them; but he had never expressed that wish.

One day, when he was absent, the idea suddenly occurred to her that she would go over the south wing. She rang for Mrs. Grey, the expression of whose kindly, comely face changed when she heard her ladyship's request.

"Fetch the keys, Mrs. Grey," she said; "I want to go through the rooms in the southern wing."

In vain Mrs. Grey made one excuse after another. Audrey smiled; she intended to be obeyed.

"Sir Roche said, my lady, that he hoped those rooms would never be unlocked," she said at last.

"Sir Roche never expressed such a wish to me," Lady Villiers replied, laughing. "You will make me think that the rooms are like Bluebeard's closet."

And she wondered again why the housekeeper looked as though some one had struck her a sudden blow.

In a few minutes more they were standing before the doors of the closed rooms. Mrs. Grey unlocked them unwillingly.

"They are very dusty and dirty, my lady," she said; for, as you see, Sir Roche had never had them touched."

The dust of years, it seemed to Audrey, lay upon them; yet they were beautiful rooms—large, lofty, light and magnificently furnished. She saw no signs of preservation; the lookers-on, who had entered them, had evidently never been hurriedly taken from the walls, the vases and jardinières still held the withered dead leaves of what had been blooming flowers. There was something most sad and pathetic about the rooms; on the mantel-piece of one lay a little gold watch that had long ceased ticking.

"This was Lady Villiers' watch without doubt," said Audrey.

HOW TO SHIP POULTRY.

DRESSING, PACKING AND SHIPPING FOR THE BRITISH MARKETS.

Articles issued by the Dominion Department of Agriculture—Some Essential Hints for the Beginner in the Business—Night Ranch Large Proportions—If Properly Conducted.

The exportation of turkeys from Canada to Great Britain is hardly yet past the experimental stage. Most of the shipments have been sent more as an occasional venture than as part of a regular business. One importer of poultry in Great Britain says: "Everybody thinks he is qualified to pack and ship poultry; whereas, as much as any other article of food, it requires the skilful handling which can be given only as the result of experience."

It will be prudent for a beginner to send only small trial shipments early in the season, and thus open up a trade which can be enlarged as it is found profitable.

If turkeys be prepared, packed and shipped according to the requirements of the British markets, they will, undoubtedly, meet a good demand and secure prices equal to those of the turkeys imported from France and other continental countries. The price varies from year to year, and also at different times of the year. Wholesale the range of prices may be from five pence per pound, up to nine pence; over per pound, for the finest quality of birds in the best condition.

TIME TO SHIP.

The demand is usually good from about the 1st of December to the 1st of March. The reception of poultry in the British markets is affected by the condition of the weather much less now than formerly. Cold storage facilities in the several cities of Great Britain enable the handlers to guard against deterioration from mild or soft weather on the arrival of the birds.

For the Christmas trade birds of large size command a relatively higher price per pound than small ones. Cock turkeys of the largest size should be marketed before Christmas. The demand for hen turkeys continues until March.

PLUCKED OR WITH FEATHERS ON.

There is still some difference of opinion among importers as to whether turkeys should be plucked or sent in the feather. Those who have received turkeys with the feathers on, report that where they have been properly prepared, cooled and packed, they have been landed in excellent condition and have fetched satisfactory prices. On the other hand the majority of importers recommend that turkeys should be plucked and sent in cold storage chambers, but not frozen. Particularly in the London markets, as one dealer expressed it, "Turkeys with feathers on are things of the past." The following paragraphs of direct instruction have been prepared in the hope that they will furnish the information required by farmers and those who propose to export poultry.

FOR TURKEYS TO BE SHIPPED PLUCKED.

1.—Fast the birds for twenty-four hours to empty the crop and intestines. The fermentation of food in the crops and intestines will wholly spoil the birds. Cases are reported of turkeys arriving in England with the crops filled with Indian corn; they were so much decomposed as to be unfit for human food; and were a total loss.

2.—Give a small quantity of water just before killing. The birds should be kept quiet. Dealers say that if the birds are frightened or excited they will not keep well and the quality will be inferior.

3.—Kill by "wringing the neck" and not by knifing or sticking. One dealer says the easiest and best mode of killing is by the dislocation of the neck. This manner of killing is generally adopted by English and Continental poultrymen. It is done as follows—Grasp the legs of the bird in the left hand, and the head of the bird in the right hand, the back of the crown of its head in the hollow of the hand. Hold the legs of the bird against the left hip and the head against the right thigh or knee. In this position strongly stretch the head at the same time, bending it backwards so as to sever the head from the spinal column. As soon as the head is separated from the neck, the bird is killed. It may work convulsively for some time, but that should not stay the de-feathering, which must be proceeded with at once.

4.—Pluck at once while still warm. Feathers should be left on the neck for about three inches from the head, also a few feathers on the tail and tip of wings. Do not tear the skin in plucking; and do not under any circumstances dip the bird into water.

5.—Remove the intestines from the rear. Care must be taken not to break the gall bag. All the rest may be left inside.

6.—Some dealers recommend breaking down the breast bone by pushing it over to one side with the two thumbs, the bird having its back pressed up by the knee. If a "breaking-down stick" is used, it should be a round piece of wood, and the flesh over the breast bone should be covered with a cloth to protect it from being mutilated when the bone is struck.

7.—Twist the wings to the back of the bird. A string which, however, should not encircle the body may be used to keep them in place.

8.—As soon as the feathers are off, bang the bird up by the feet to cool. Do not lay it down or hang it by the head. The bird should be banged up by the knee. If a "breaking-down stick" is used, it should be a round piece of wood, and the flesh over the breast bone should be covered with a cloth to protect it from being mutilated when the bone is struck.

9.—Twist the wings to the back of the bird. A string which, however, should not encircle the body may be used to keep them in place.

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11.—Twist the wings to the back of the bird. A string which, however, should not encircle the body may be used to keep them in place.

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15.—Twist the wings to the back of the bird. A string which, however, should not encircle the body may be used to keep them in place.

set, when the birds will always retain their plump shape."

9.—Cleanliness is necessary. The feet and legs of the birds should be clean also.

10.—The birds should be thoroughly cooled, not frozen, and they should be cold through and through before being packed in cases.

11.—The cases should be shallow, only deep enough to hold one layer of birds. A size recommended is a case six feet long, by twenty inches wide, by from seven to eleven inches deep. The top, bottom and sides may be of lumber one-half inch thick, with the ends and the strengthening piece in the centre one inch thick.

12.—Pack in any one case only birds of nearly the same weight, graded to within two pounds. In no case should any bird be lighter than the lightest weight, or heavier than the heaviest weight marked on the package.

13.—Pack the cocks and hens in separate cases.

14.—Mark the cases at both ends plainly. The marks at the top of the left hand corner of the end should show the number of birds, and whether cocks or hens.

15.—Wrap every bird neatly in paper. The head of each bird should be wrapped with a quantity of thick paper to absorb any blood.

16.—Spread a small quantity of wood-pulp in the bottom of the case. If that be not obtainable, use a small quantity of straw or other soft material of the case. The straw must be quite dry and clean.

17.—Put paper on the bottom and top of the birds to keep them clean. A small quantity of woodpulp or dry clean straw may be put on top, directly under the cover.

18.—Pack the birds with back down, with heads at one side.

19.—Put from twelve to twenty-four birds in a case. Every case should be packed quite full and close to prevent damage from knocking about inside during transit.

20.—The foregoing directions are only for birds which are to be kept cool continuously. They cannot be shipped safely as ordinary cargo.

21.—Do not export any old, tough birds.

22.—Every bird should show a good plump, white, broad breast.

FOR TURKEYS TO BE SHIPPED IN FEATHER.

A few of the importers in Great Britain still speak well of turkeys which they have received with feathers on. The following directions are suitable for that method of shipment:

23.—The birds should be fasted at least twenty-four hours; and all directions in regard to the keeping of the birds quiet and clean are equally applicable and important.

24.—For killing the fowl should be suspended by the legs, when an incision by a sharp knife should be made in the throat, the cutting should be made lengthwise, across and deep enough to reach the brain. This is held to be a painless method of killing, and no evidence of mutilation can be seen on the outside. Care should be taken to prevent the feathers being soiled by blood.

25.—The head should be wrapped in thick paper to absorb any blood and to prevent it from taking on a dull and damaged appearance.

26.—Immediately after killing, the birds should be hung up by the feet and left to become quite cold before being packed. Such birds are not to be drawn. After they are thoroughly cooled through and through, they should be packed in air-tight barrels or boxes.

27.—The head should not be put under the wing, but should be laid in the middle of the back where there is the least amount of flesh.

28.—The birds should be sorted according to size and the cases should be marked on the ends, indicating the number of birds, whether cocks or hens, and the range of weight.

GESE AND DUCKS.

Geese are in demand in Great Britain for a longer time after Christmas than is usually the case in markets on this side of the Atlantic. It is not probable a profitable trade of large volume can be developed in them in the near future. The supply of ducks, chickens and fowls in Canada is hardly yet sufficient for the demand of the Canadian home trade. Where trial shipments of geese and ducks are to be made, the following points should be observed:

29.—The geese and ducks should be fasted for at least 24 hours before being killed.

30.—They should be killed by cutting in the roof of the mouth. The cutting should be lengthwise, across and deep enough to reach the brain, cocks or hens, and the range of weight.

31.—All the feathers should be plucked off except on the tips of the wings. They should not in any case be dipped into water, and the down may be left on.

32.—The entrails may be left in.

33.—They should be packed about ten in a case. Birds of small size are not wanted; anything under nine pounds in geese is neglected.

CHICKENS AND FOWLS.

It is recommended that they be prepared in the same way as the turkeys which are to be plucked. The dealers recommend the breaking down of the breast bone by pushing it over to one side with the thumbs, the bird having its back pressed up by the knee.

A "breaking-down" stick, or knife, should be used only when the dresser is not able to break with the thumbs. The wings should be twisted under the back, and the legs also should be tucked under the back.

READING CHARACTER.

Dribbler—In my opinion, a man who writes an illegible hand does it because he thinks people are willing to puzzle over it. In other words he is a chunk of conceit.

Scribbler—Not always. Sometimes a man writes illegibly, not because he is conceited, but because he is modest.

Modest! What about! Modest—ing.

FROM BRITISH COLUMBIA.

EVENTS IN THE MINING COUNTRY TOLD IN A FEW WORDS.

Items of News Recorded in "The Province" of Victoria, B.C.—Purchases and Sales of Mines—Accidents are Frequent.

A new hotel is being erected in Lillooet.

The Golden Curling Club has been re-organized.

Roseland is anxious to negotiate an additional loan of \$15,000.

The townsfolk of Rossy are being sold to an English syndicate.

The new church at Nelson will not be built until next spring.

Nanaimo people hope before long to be supplying Japan with coal.

All the stock of the Halcyn Hot Springs Association has been subscribed.

Hugh McLeod was nearly killed by a cave-in at the Reco mine last week.

The charge of forgery against J. M. McPhee, of Kaslo, has been dismissed.

A. W. Logan has sold the Black Prince claim in the Murdo district for \$2,000.

The threatened scarlet fever epidemic at Kamloops is now thoroughly under control.

It is understood the Pilot Bay smelter will be blown in the course of a week or ten days.

A new town site is being surveyed about two miles below Robson, on the west side of the river.

The Hall Mines smelter at Nelson received three carloads of ore from the War Eagle last week.

John M. Burke is predicting a full-blown bloom in Fort Steele next spring on the advent of the C.P.R.

Lem Chung, a Chinaman, committed suicide in Nelson the other day by taking an overdose of opium.

W. T. Thompson, a trail newspaper man, intends going to the Yukon in the spring, by way of Ashcroft.

The rumour that a vestibule sleeper is to be run on the E. & N. Railway, is said to be without foundation.

Nanaimo was thrown into a great state of excitement this week by the appearance of a live deer in town.

An additional water system is being laid in Sanlon, which it is claimed will enable the town to fight any fire that may come.

The new wagon road from New Denver to Three Forks has been completed. The road is five miles long and cost \$8,000.

Ainsworth is to have a Miners' Union Hospital, to be maintained by monthly assessments. The building is now in the course of erection.

A skeleton found at Sooke River recently, is supposed to be that of Joe Godfrey, who disappeared in July last. Godfrey is a native of Guelph, Ont.

The business men of Kaslo have organized the Duncan River Improvement Association for the purpose of building wagon roads and otherwise opening up that section of the country.

A Grand Forks despatch says that smelters and refineries, each to be erected at 100 tons capacity are to be erected at Grand Forks and Midway by an English syndicate, which W. C. McDougall, a well known mining man, formerly of Roseland, has organized.

At a meeting of the stockholders of the Goldfields of British Columbia, held in London, Mr. Grant-Govett, according to the cable report, said that the Legislature of British Columbia was the most generous in the world in mining companies, for it refuses them nothing.

Nearly all the ore mined in the States is sent to the United States for treatment, despite the fact that it costs \$22.50 per ton for transportation charges and treatment, while in addition to this a duty of one and one-half per cent. is collected by the United States on the lead in the ore.

The Midnight claim near Golden has been bonded to Don Mann. The claim of carbonates found on the Midway Star has been struck on the Midway.

The Nelson City Land and Improvement Company has obtained an injunction to prevent the corporation proceeding with the construction of the waterworks system.

In doing some excavating at Nelson, Contractor W. C. McLean ran into a four foot ledge showing copper and iron which he has staked as the Kinkaid claim.

Wm. Dickson, a drill sharpener, and Wm. Sarscent, a miner, were killed at Alberni, on October 23rd, by a dynamite explosion. A blacksmith and a cooper were also killed.

An infant child of W. H. Pagan, manager of the Kamloops branch of the Bank of British Columbia, was killed to death last week by swallowing an India rubber sucker, which lodged in the throat.

As yet no authentic figures have been received of the clean-up at the 100 stamp mill. It is given on good authority, however, that the ore treated is averaging over \$50 per ton.

The mineral exports entered at the port of Nelson from the first of the year to October 16th, amount to \$4,845 tons valued at \$6,391,517. The exports are made up of copper, lead, silver, zinc, and gold.

Breakfast from seven to eleven lunch from eleven to three, dinner from three to eight, supper from eight to twelve, received the clerk of the country. Jerusalem! Jerusalem! When you are going to Jerusalem, you should go to Jerusalem.

A Tardy Courtship

Mary Ann Davis was in some perplexity of spirit.

In the first place her bread had refused to rise, for almost the first time in her experience as a housekeeper, and the next day the minister was coming to tea. And he had a little suspicion of dyspepsia, and had to exercise care in the selection of food, and the only kind of bread he could eat was "salt rising" bread.

And in the second place, Deacon Popham had proposed to her. The deacon had already proposed, married, and buried three estimable women, and as he often said in the Thursday evening prayer meetings, he had more near and dear friends on the other side, than he had on this side.

Mary Ann lived in the square white house which had been her father's, with no companion but her cat, Bartimus Tools, and the old man who milked the cow and took care of the garden. One after another of her family had gone away never to come back, and the old house had grown silent and lonely as the changes went on; but Mary Ann was attached to the place, and it seemed to her that nowhere in the world did the sun shine brighter and warmer than it shone into the many paned windows of the old house, and nowhere was the grass greener or the clover blossoms sweeter than in the meadows sloping down to the river from the yellow painted door of the Davis home-stead.

Mary Ann had been a pretty girl, and though she was now past forty, her hair was still soft and abundant, and lay against her white, un- wrinkled forehead in little golden- colored curls, and the bloom on her cheek was still delicate and dainty, as the blush in the heart of a wild rose.

The time had been, and not so far away either, when the people of Har- den's Corners had fully expected and believed that Mary Ann Davis and Eben Meader would be made one and live, out their quiet and uneventful lives side by side, as the majority of Har- den's Corners' people had done be- fore them.

Eben was "well-to-do," and the Meader farm, one of the best in the vicinity, had come to him at the death of his father; and the Meaders had always been noted for keeping the best breed of cows, the finest horses, and the handsomest sheep in the neighborhood; and Eben fully sustained the family reputation in this respect. But time went on and he still continued paying Mehitable Briggs three dollars a week for doing his housework, and it "really did seem that he didn't get on one mite nor gram with his courtship," so the wise women of the Corners said as they talked the matter over at some quilting party or neighborhood tea- ding.

The Meaders were slow people—Eben's father and grandfather had been notoriously slow—and if Eben had any designs on the heart of Mary Ann Davis he probably thought that there was time enough. No use to be in a hurry, was the motto which should have been inscribed on the family coat of arms of the Meaders, if they had ever indulged in such a superfluity as a coat of arms.

Mary Ann herself had not been without some expectations in Eben's direction, and now it had been so long and nothing had come of it that she had about given up the idea.

Eben had a practice of coming over to her house twice a week, on Tuesday evening regularly and stayed until nine o'clock, never later. His conversation was mainly about the Corners, past and present—and the crops raised about Har- den's Corners.

And whenever he came, after he had seated himself in the chintz covered rocking chair, and stroked the back of Bartimus Tools, he took out his pocket-book and extracted there- from a large yellow envelope which he would hold in his hand, and feel of it as if to make sure that nothing had been lost out of it, and then return it to his pocket, and always sighed when he put it away.

This performance had become so much a matter of course that Mary Ann had ceased to wonder at it, and to feel any curiosity in respect to it. It was just one of Eben's absent-minded habits, she told her- self, and that was all there was to it.

But now, situated in the beginning, Mary Ann was in some perplexity. First, there was the bread— "Salt rising" bread, such as mother used to make for company," she said in conversation with the minister, who was engaged in putting some fin- ishing touches to his toilet, on top of the bureau, and was at leisure to lis- ten.

"And also get the rule for making it from Mrs. Colonel Jones's cook. And it never failed before. Never! And if I do say it, Bartimus, everybody in Har- den's Corners knows that I can't be beat for salt-rising bread." But Mrs. Jones's cook, and criti- cally examined the bottom of his fore- paw and gave it a vigorous scrubbing with his tongue.

Why, the last time that Elder Tut- tle was here, he says he, Sister Davis, I do think you make the very best bread I ever tasted. And though I never eat much bread on account of my dyspepsia, and he had just fin- ished his fifth slice, I will try, and now small piece, thank you. And now that bread is as flat as a board, and as heavy as lead. I declare, Bartimus, I could cry with a good reason.

Bartimus winked his yellow eyes

solemnly and tackled the other foot. No domestic calamity ever fell heavy enough to make Bartimus Tools forget the duty he owed to his personal appearance.

As troubles never come singly, so in the midst of this perplexity about the bread, Deacon Popham's proposal had come suddenly into the consid- eration of Mary Ann's life. The idea that she might be considered eligible to the position of Mrs. Popham No. four, had never flashed across Mary Ann's mind.

"Good land," said she, "you could have knocked me down with a feather. I thought the deacon had come over to borrow some soap—the Pophams are almost always out of soap—and I kept right on basting some lace into the neck of my meedin' dress. I do wish linen collars would come in again, they're so much less trouble—but, then, they do make a thin neck look awful scraggly. The deacon, he talked considerable about the reviv- alist over to the Cove, and then he said something about forenoon, but I never seemed much about those doctrines of his, and then he came close up to me, and says he, 'Sister Davis, the life of a widowed man is dreadful lonely, and full of snags and pitfalls for the feet of the unwary.' I told him I supposed so, but I couldn't speak from experience. And then I declare if he didn't set right down onto Bartimus and the cat, and if I hadn't had presence of mind to ask the deacon to get up and let me turn the chair cushion the other way, for Bartimus lay left some hairs on it, and the deacon had on black clothes.

"I've got a good farm," said the deacon, and ten cows and a pair of horses, and the house, and what was the Corners—a two-seater, so's to ride three or four and not rumple up your good clothes, and a central pew in Elder Tuttle's meetin' house, and so he went on, and I was a- giving in his inventory to the assess- ors. And says he, 'the children are all out of the way except the baby, and you wouldn't object to the baby, would you, Sister Davis?'"

"Good land!" says I, to myself, "the man must be out of his head," and I got him a glass of my currant wine to steady his brain; but when he had taken it he went right on—never thought to marry again, Sister Davis, but my life is dreadful lonesome, and I need somebody to see after my clothes. These pious notions that I've got on now ought to have something to do to the knees of 'em. And speak- ing of clothes reminds me that my third lamented wife was about your size, Sister Davis, and she left be- hind her a goodly store of raiment, and no doubt you could fix it over so, it would last for a considerable spell. And it stands the best of us in hand to be more at ease, and I'll be glad to up the fragments so that nothing be lost."

"And says I, 'Deacon Popham, why, Deacon Popham,' and I felt faint as I did when our chimney burned out, and liked to have set the house on fire. Yes, every atom as faint, Bartimus Tools."

Bartimus rolled over on the other side, but made no audible response. "And just then, in walked Loisy Wilson to borrow the ironing board, and she always stays all the after- noon, when she comes to do any thing, and everybody in the Corners knows it, and the deacon he got right up when she came, and said he guessed he'd be a-going, but he'd come back Wednesday, and he'd what I thought about what he'd spoke of."

And this is how affairs stood at the time we introduce Mary Ann to our readers. She had given a great deal of time and thought to the subject of the bread and the deacon, and sud- denly it flashed across her that in all troubles and perplexities, people gen- erally applied to their minister for ad- vice.

And how providential it was that Elder Tuttle was coming to tea. Mary Ann did the best she could with the bread of the last evening, and resolved to confide in Elder Tuttle as regards the deacon.

So when they were comfortably seated at the table and the elder had graced the table with the ample justice to the cake and the doughnuts, and was busy with his mince pie—for Har- den's Corners had not yet arrived at that stage of culture when pie suppers were looked upon as a relief of barbarism—Mary Ann told the reverend gentleman that Deacon Popham had proposed to her.

The pie was excellent and it was an odd way with his dainties, but he felt that he might venture to indulge himself a little, and he passed up his plate for a second piece before he re- sponded.

"Well, Sister Davis, the deacon is an exemplary man, but the ques- tion at issue is, do you love him well enough to promise to honor and obey him until death does you part?"

"I—I'm afraid I don't, Elder Tut- tle."

"I tell you what, Sister Davis," said the elder, no doubt inspired by the pie, "let's you and I go and get wedlock, and that will be answer enough for the deacon."

"Oh, good gracious, Elder Tuttle," cried Mary Ann, and feeling as she felt, she could hardly have said if she should press his suit with ardor and so a third perplexity came into Mary Ann's life. But it was finally decided that she should have need to consider; it was now Wednesday, and as the deacon was coming for his answer on Wednesday week, she appointed Thursday for the Elder. Then there would be no clashing of discordant elements.

As the days went on Mary Ann's perplexity increased. She was at no nearer a decision than she was at first.

"Oh, good land," said she to Bar- timus, "whatever shall I do? If I take the deacon, the elder will be put out; and if I take the elder the deacon will be put out; so there I am."

Right in the midst of it Tuesday came round again, and Eben Meader dropped in to make his usual call. Be- ing into the fore room, and duly in- stalled in the rocking chair, he stroked the back of Bartimus, hemmed and cleared his throat, and then took out his pocket-book and examined the yellow envelope. Then he sighed and returned it to his pocket.

Mary Ann, as she sometimes there- after confided to Bartimus, was in a nervous enough of her mind, and she got up and upset a pot of geraniums and knocked down Eben's "meeting hat," which he had placed carefully on the box of the sewing machine, and when she should have said "Yes" she said "No," and when

she should have said "No" she said "Yes."

Eben was watching her curiously, and he was not long in observing that something had seriously disturbed her wonted equanimity.

"Mary Ann," said he, with an effort not to appear over solicitous, for he was not so generally so, "and none of the Har- den's Corners' people ever, guahed over anything—" Mary Ann? "

"Well, Mr. Meader," "Sister," or other seems to trouble you, hay?"

"Yes. There is something," said Mary Ann, feeling the sentences jerked out of her by some influence she could not resist. "I am awfully bothered. I was never so upset and put about in my mortal life. Never!"

"Why, Mary Ann, 'Taint nothin' about the old cow now, is it?" "Cow!" said Mary Ann, indignantly. "Forty cows wouldn't agitate and unsettle me like this."

"And are you anything about the south medder, hay? If I was you I'd seed that are land down—" "It isn't any of that kind of things," said Mary Ann, "early, 'you see the fact of it is, Eben, I've had two proposals of marriage."

"What!" ejaculated Eben, rising slowly in his surprise, "not two from one man, hay?"

"No; two from two men—" "Great guns, Mary Ann, what men be they?"

Deacon Popham, and Elder Tut- tle. Eben fell to smoothing the back of Bartimus till it crackled like burning hemlock wood, and the sparks flew in every direction.

Then he put the card carefully down and extracting his pocket-book from his pocket, he produced the yellow en- velope, felt it, replaced it in the pocket-book, and sighed.

"What are you going to do about it, Mary Ann?"

"I don't know," said Mary Ann, nervously, plaiting and unplaiting the hem of her white apron. "If I have the elder the deacon will be put out; and if I have the deacon, the elder will be put out."

"Wall, yes, that stands to reason," said Eben, feeling of the pocket-book where the yellow en- velope was lying, and evidently re- sisting an impulse to draw it forth again.

"I am in a dreadful strait—a strait betwixt two," said Mary Ann, and seriously quoting from Elder Tuttle's last Sunday's sermon, for you see this is Tuesday, and the deacon is to come for his answer Wednesday, and the elder is to come for his Thurs- day."

"By king," said Eben, rising to the occasion, there is only one way out of it. Tell me come for my answer, Tues- day, which is to-day, and Eben put his arm round Mary Ann's waist, as if he got used to it.

"Why, Eben Meader!" cried Mary Ann. "Taint no use to put it off, say it. Eben, drawing her nearer as he be- came accustomed to the situation, he was coming here quite a spell, Mary Ann, and Eben put it was best to hurry. Mary in haste, and repent at leisure, you know."

"Oh, my! this is so sudden, said Mary Ann, "I don't know as I shall ever get used to it."

"Yes, you will," said Eben warmly. "I'm getting used to it already. By king, Mary Ann, the more I think of it the more I love you. I've been an odd fool for putting it off so long. But I always was a little bit slow. And I wanted to have a winder cut in my kitchen and the water put in the sink before I asked you. But I'll see the carpenter and the pump man as I go home. Great guns, Mary Ann, I come pretty nigh los- ing my mind."

And suddenly releasing Mary Ann, he produced his pocket book and took a hasty squint at the yellow envelope.

"Eben," said Mary Ann, "before this goes any further, I want to ask you what is in that envelope. I've seen you take it out over and over again and I decide to know what is in it before I decide between the deacon, the elder and you."

Eben looked a little abashed, but he opened the envelope, and there, tied with a fair blue ribbon, was a lock of yellow hair, the hair of a child, and written on the worn piece of paper which enclosed the hair were these lines—

"If you love me as I love you, No knife can cut our love in two." Tears came to Mary Ann's eyes and she drew close to the side of her old lover.

"Why, Eben!" she exclaimed, "who'd ever thought of keeping that?"

"Did you say Mary Ann that's the little lock of hair that you cut off from your head and gave me when you was ten year old and was a-going to spend the winter with your aunt Jane?"

"Yes, for fear the house might catch afire, and it would get burned up. And shall it be the deacon, or the elder, or you?"

"You Eben," said Mary Ann, and the blush of her cheek was just as becoming to her as if she had been twenty-five years younger—at least, that was Eben's opin- ion.

IT IS A FAMOUS REGIMENT.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE FIGHTING GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

They Were Formerly the 15th Regiment of the Line—Linked to the Gordon in 1861—A Glance at the Records of the Two Battalions—Individual Acts of Bravery in the Indian Mutiny—Their Battle Record.

The combat of Dargai Ridge has once again brought into prominence the name of the Gordon-Highlanders. The history of this regiment, or rather regiments, as two separate regiments were combined to form the present one bearing the name of the Gordon-Highlanders is most interesting. The illus- trated London News gives at some length the history of both the bat- talions of the regiment, from which the following facts have been culled.

The battalion that has recently so ably distinguished itself at Dargai is what was known, prior to the estab- lishment of the territorial system in the time regiments of the British Army as the 75th or Stirlingshire Regiment. They were raised as a Highland reg- iment for service in India in 1787, ten years after the Seaforths and wore the kilt, but, owing to the few Scotchmen in their ranks and the fact that they were constantly out of Scotland, they were converted into an ordinary line regiment about 1807. At one time they were attached to the same Dorsetshire Regiment with which they sealed the Dargai Pass a week or two ago, and for some years were stationed "at Wey- mouth. Their work in India was be- gun in the south of that country when Mysore was harried by Tipoo Sahib; hence the appearance of

THE BENGAL TIGER

on their uniforms which they now com- bine with the Sphinx of the Gordons. The 75th were, in fact, the only white soldiers among the Sepoys. In the operations accompanying the attack on Bangalore, they covered the retreat of Abercrombie with great success, and in the various attacks on Seringapatam, beginning in 1791, they had a leading place. It was here that the regiment on one occasion, after heart-breaking losses was led by Corporal Roderick McKenzie and Sergeant Graham, the latter eventually losing his life at Bhurtpore in 1805. After this long spell of Indian warfare, they had a rest, and then were engaged in the troubles in the Kaffir war of 1834, dur- ing which they organized a troop of mounted infantry, the first on record in the British army. India again claim- ed the 75th when the mutiny broke out. During the Siege of Delhi no fewer than three of the 75th won the Victoria Cross. Color-Sergeant Coghlan, on June 8, 1857, carried off a wounded private under a heavy fire of the en- emy, and at another time led a party to the attack of a number of rebels, af- terwards rescuing the wounded under a cross-fire.

Sergeant Watson, another V.C., who afterwards rose to be colonel of the regiment, rescued a fellow-soldier, lay- ing out a mutinous trooper on the spot, and towards sunset, he did ex- actly the same double act of heroism for another comrade. On Sept. 11, Private Green rescued a comrade and was presented with the cross on the spot by the commander-in-chief.

A VERY RARE OCCURRENCE.

At the hard fought action of Balde- ker, the 75th lost eleven officers and sixty-two men. They also formed part of Sir Colin Campbell's famous relief column which brought joy to Lucknow. In 1872 they were again fighting the Kaffirs, and ten years later they were part of Sir Archibald Alison's Highland Brigade, being the first regiment to enter Egypt. In this campaign they were assisted by men from the Second Battalion, two hundred being sent out to begin with, along with the pipers, and the 75th had just been converted into Highlanders and had to be trained in the ways of a killed corps. From time to time as the war went on, more men were sent out from the Second Battalion, some being the merest recruits, at the battle of Tel-el-Kehir the Gordons lost two officers and thirty rank and file killed and wounded. In 1884-85 they took part in the expedi- tion which was sent up the Nile to defeat General Gordon, and in 1895 they were back in India fighting the Chitralis, and distinguishing them- selves in a remarkable way in the storming of the Malakani Pass. And now, once again their name added to that of a famous regiment.

It is interesting to remember how the 75th have always clung to their Scottish origin. In 1963 they got per- mission to wear a diced-border round their forage caps so as to distinguish them from the baronary regiments of the line, which they resembled in all other respects.

In 1881, when they became linked to the Gordons they had, of course, to abandon

TROUSERS FOR KILTS.

The change was effected when the reg- iment was stationed at Malta, and was not universally appreciated. Maj- or Vandeleur's company erected an obelisk ten feet high in the pretty gardens behind the Floriana Barracks and carved on it this epitaph, which one may see to this day:—

Here lies the poor old 75th, but under the stars of the pipers.

They'll rise again in kilt and hose, a glorious resurrection.

For by the transformative powers of parliamentary laws, They go to bed the 75th and rise the Ninety-Two.

For a time the converted 75th were known as the Straits Real Highland- ers, and the military joker of the day that a stockman has found it profit- able to buy them slaughter them, and feed the flesh to his dogs. An attempt to stop the practice demonstrated that there is no law which prohibits it.

ments raised by the fourth Duke of Gordon. The first of these, which was called the Gordon Fencibles, was raised in 1793 and disbanded in 1799. The second one was raised also in 1793, really by the Duke of Gordon and his son, the Marquis of Huntly, who af- terwards commanded the regiment. As is now well known, the Duchess, who was a very beautiful woman, kissed every recruit to whom she gave the King's shilling, with the result that within a few weeks she had enrolled a thousand of her stalwart clansmen, and by June, 1794, they were equipped as the 16th Gordon Highlanders Reg- iment of Foot, and inspected at Aber- deen, which still remains the depot of the regiment. In 1798 the number of this battalion was changed to the 92nd, which they retained until 1881, when they were amalgamated with the 75th and were called simply "The Gordon Highlanders."

THE BATTLE RECORD

of the 92nd has been a glorious one, commencing after some sanguinary work in the Irish rebellion of 1798, with many battles in Holland against the French in the following year, losing three officers and sixty-five men killed and eleven officers and two hundred and eighty men wounded at Egmont-op-Zee. They fought in Egypt under Abercrombie in 1801 at Alexandria, Alexandria and Aboukir, in which latter action they captured a battery and earned thereby the right to wear the Sphinx, which still decorates their uni- form.

They also took part in the brief Danish campaign of 1807 and afterwards distinguished themselves in the Penin- sular War. At Quatre Bras and Water- loo the Gordons performed prodigies of valor, their colonel, Cameron, being killed in the first named battle. They took part in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny and did splendid work under Lord Roberts in the Afghan cam- paign of 1879. Major White and Lieut- enant Dick Cunningham each obtaining the Victoria Cross. On their way home to England at the close of the war the Gordons stopped at the Cape to fight the Boers and fought well at Majuba Hill, where they lost ninety- one officers and men killed and wound- ed.

Though the Gordons, both battalions, are old, they are full of the vigor of youth, and the twenty odd campaigns that already crowd their colors will not be disgraced by their later achieve- ments.

HE WAS SUSPECTED.

How Professor Muller Was Treated by the Berlin Police.

A story which throws light on the German police system is told by Pro- fessor Muller. The professor had re- ceived through Humboldt, the scien- tist, an invitation to call upon King Frederick William IV. Of course he in- tended to go, but he came very near failing to keep his engagement. It came out of an unexpected visit from a young lieutenant of police, who asked many apparently unnecessary ques- tions about why the stranger had come to Berlin, when he meant to return to England, and what had kept him in Berlin so long.

"After I had explained to him," says Professor Muller, "that I was collat- ing Sanskrit manuscripts at the royal library, he became more peremptory, and informed me that the police author- ities thought a fortnight must suffi- cient for that purpose. I bowed I wish- ed he had been so—and that they request- ed me to leave Berlin in twenty-four hours. I explained that I wanted but another week to finish my work, and produced my passport. It was all of no avail. I was told that I must leave in twenty-four hours. I then collected my thoughts, and said very quietly to the young lieutenant:

"Please to call the police authori- ties that I shall of course obey orders, and leave Berlin at once, but that I must request them to inform his Ma- jesty, the king, that I shall not be able to leave him to-night at Potsdam."

The poor young man thought I was laughing at him, and when he saw I was in earnest he looked thunder- struck, bowed and went away. It was not long, however, before another po- lice official appeared, an elderly gen- tleman in a pleasant manner, and explained to me how sorry he was that the young lieutenant should have made so foolish a mistake. He begged me to forget what had happened, as it would seriously injure the young lieuten- ant's prospects if it became known. I explained to him I promised to for- get, or at all events not to refer in the royal presence to what had hap- pened."

Professor Muller attributes the visit of the police authorities to the fact that one of his friends with whom he had been seen almost every day, was a young Sanskrit scholar, who had been mixed up with political intrigues, and had long been under strict sur- veillance.

A DIG AT A LARK.

Henry—So you take stick in that yarn? Why, I wouldn't believe that story if I told it myself.

Covage—Well, in that case, nei- ther would I.

TRUTHFUL WITNESS.

Judge—Do you mean to swear that you were the last person to play on the old house stage?

Witness—Yes, your honor, I'm a pipeman in a hose company.

WANTED A WARMER JOB.

I see that you're going to leave the police force at the first of the month, Tim.

Yes, sir. It's had sleepin' out in winter.

In a Maine community where apples have been scarce this season, and where normally the apple is the staple re- freshment at card parties, raw car-rots were served at a whist party the other night and were pronounced most delectable.

TALES OF A MARINE DIVER.

Wreck Cracked by Oyster Shells Seven Feet High. Pearl Hunter's Fight with a Shark.

Thomas Goodenow, an Englishman, nearly 70 years old, but with the strength and constitution of a man of 55 years, is now in Nova Scotia. He claims to be an old marine diver, who has worked for years on the bottom of the ocean for an English concern called the Colonial Wrecking Company. From England he went to India and helped work up a sunken steamer, in which was a half million in gold, for the Gov- ernment. Then the company sent him to Mexico, and for ten years he worked in and around Mexican waters.

"The narrowest escape I ever had," said he, "was in the Indian Ocean. We had gone down to rip off the copper work of a large, and as the ground around the sunken ship was particu- larly smooth and white-sandy, we took a walk. One hundred feet from the side of the vessel we found an immense oyster, the shells of which were over seven feet high. It was open, and in the flabby folds of the flesh, I saw a great pearl, or rather what looked like a pearl. It was less than two feet from the edge of the shell, and I determin- ed to seize it. My companion saw what I was thinking of and took hold of my shoulder. But I had already reached out my arm. He pulled me back so that my lead-covered arm struck the edge of the great shell.

LIKE A FLASH.

quicker than I ever saw a shark jump, the shell closed. The arm escaped, but the end of a heavy iron bar which I could not lift out of water was caught in the shell and flattened. We jumped back so quick that I fell over and lay at full length on the ground. If I had reached my hand into that horrid trap I doubt not that it would have been taken off."

"A lot of Indian pearl divers were at work, about one day when I suddenly saw four of them fall flat and lie upon their backs on the sand. They wore nothing in the way of clothes and each had only a belt with a cut- knife in it. They held their breaths over two minutes sometimes. I thought it strange that they fell down and re- mained quiet, and on looking up I saw a shadow between me and the sun. It grew more distinct, and I saw, to my horror, a great shark lying ten feet above my head, slowly fanning the water with its great fins. Its belly was a streak of white of a creamy hue, and its whole body was marked by the under roll of the lip. Like the others I fell down flat, though more from fear than policy. It was the first one I had seen, and it made me sick of my task."

"The creature left me and swam with great ease and grace to where two Indians lay flat on the sand. It fell down in a swoop and tried to scoop one up from the bottom and failed, and as it came back I saw one of them, a stout, swarthy fellow, whom I had greatly admired on shore, curl over and draw his knife. As the first one fell over him the Indian rose with the knife on his shoulder and lunged it into the breast of the fish, and then fell flat again. The monster acted like a man with its head out. It jumped and plunged about, and in a very little while went off. The Indians had all risen to the top of the water when they saw the stab, and in nervous excitement, I rose, too. As they took off my helmet, I saw a few yards from the boat the great shark lying on its side and spouting blood."

"Did you ever find any rich treasure?" we asked.

"Yes, much of it, but it belonged to the company. One I did not find that I believed would prove to be."

SOMETHING OF INTEREST.

could be located again. In 1859 a small coasting vessel went ashore on a small rock, 195 miles west of Key West, and I went down to locate it. The craft lay on its side in a round hole in sixty-eight feet of water, and had fallen back from an overlying rock on which it had struck. We could only work three hours in the middle of the day because it was so dark in the hole that we had to have the sun right overhead. As the first hour there half an hour before my companion came climbing over the wreck and tugged me over the rail. He pulled me off into the shadows and pointed at what looked like a great fox, thirty feet square, but which proved to be the stern of an old vessel. The snakes were climbing over it and a great piece of coral was attached to it. I think it was very odd, because the ancient can- vas which hung dismantled on its side was a piece of old canvas, and I saw it. We climbed upon its deck and found many things that looked as if the vessel had sunk by accident, for some old boxes and stuff lay about. A knife was sticking into the stump of the mast, and hanging to it was a small sheet iron box, very rusty and old. We pulled it off and carried it out of the water. In it we found \$20 worth of old gold coin of English and Dutch mintage. We agreed together that we would keep quiet and return some time and make a haul of the ancient wreck, but afterward, though we returned in a small schooner, we could never locate the spot. Of course, there might have been anything in it, but I never saw it. I was the only wreck that I came upon accidentally in twenty years, so you see treasure ships do not lie about like rocks on the bottom of the sea for divers to pick up."

THE PLACE FOR HIM.

Is there any chance for work here, asked the tired wanderer over the back fence, and keen anxiety was depicted on his features.

There's not a stroke of work in the town.

Then, I'll winter here, mum.

COLUMBUS' MISTAKE.

Teacher—Did Columbus know that he discovered a new continent?

Class—No, he thought it was India.

Teacher—Correct. Why did he think he had found India?

Bright Boy—I suppose because some of the inhabitants were Indian.

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JOB PRINTING

Our job department is equipped with every appliance necessary for turning out first class work at shortest notice. Prices moderate.

The Moose Jaw Times.

"And what he writes, is writ—
Would it were worthier!" —Byron.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 28, 1898.

A NEW STATION.

Ever since the destruction by fire of the C.P.R. freight shed some four years ago, it has been annually rumored that the management of the Company contemplated converting the present depot into a freight shed and building a new station and divisional offices at this place; but owing to the many demands upon their improvement funds, and perhaps for other reasons, the long-expected has not yet made its appearance.

The old rumor is again going the rounds, but this time it has a sound of certainty about it; and the people of Moose Jaw sincerely hope that the management will be enabled to carry out its wishes and erect a station that will be a credit to the C. P. R. and an ornament to the town.

The need of a new depot and freight shed at this place must, by this time, be apparent to all. As Moose Jaw is admitted to be one of the leading towns along the C.P.R. and the centre of one, if not the best wheat and dairy producing districts of the North-West, we think the town is entitled to better accommodation in this particular. Besides we are a divisional point on the C.P.R. and the terminus of the Soo line; hence we are sometimes called "the busy railroad town." The express trains stop longer here than at most other points, and passengers are given an opportunity to form an opinion regarding the town. The first impression is very often the lasting impression. The interests of the C.P.R. and the town are one. Whatever benefits the town will benefit the C.P.R. Therefore it is the duty of the C.P.R. to create as favorable an impression as possible. The first building, and sometimes the only building, a passenger sees is the depot. If the Company decide to go on with the building this year we feel safe in saying that the citizens of Moose Jaw will feel gratified, and will not feel so much disposed to grumble about high freight rates when they have a decent place to go and pay their freight bills.

World: While trades unionism has received a severe blow in Great Britain through the defeat of the striking engineers, the cause seems to be making headway in Canada. The settlement of the dispute between the C. P. R. telegraphers reveals the great power that the latter exercise in their united capacity. The men have obtained the right of trial or investigation in case of discharge or suspension. The acquiescence of this and other rights marks a milestone in the progress of labor. There is no reason why labor should put impose its restrictions as well as capital. The power of the employer to discharge his servant on the spot, without a moment's notice and without explanation, is almost brutal in its inhumanity, and few will question the right of employees to organize and insist that they shall no longer be subjected to the harsh rules that ordinarily obtain between the employer and his men. Among other concessions gained by the telegraphers are right to promotion, annual holidays, after four years' service in the company, freedom from all except absolutely essential labor on Sunday, etc. The relation between capital and labor has become a great deal more than a mere question

of wages, as this new deal between the C.P.R. and its telegraphers goes to show. The men are guaranteed some measure of permanency in their work as well as many other valuable privileges in addition to their weekly wages.

Speaking of the binder twine deputations to Ottawa last week, the Regina Leader, under the heading, "Remember Lot's Wife," says: The Leader is willing to concede that the government made a good start, although their first step was not as long a step as the western farmers looked for. It was nevertheless a very considerable step. Fencing wire and binder twine duties are abolished, coal oil duty reduced by one-sixth, all hardware duties and all clothing duties appreciably, sugar duty reduced; the duty on a binder cut from \$20 to \$18.40 by a change in the arbitrary valuation—these various reductions must be considered as quite a step in the direction of freer trade. All we ask the government is to keep their faces in the right direction. Let them continue chopping from time to time. Another slice of the implement duties will not damage the revenue—will, in fact, tend to increase the revenue. They have put their hands to the plow; let them not turn back. Let them remember Lot's wife.

The Family Messenger is a new monthly, started in Boston, with B. O. Flower, late editor of The Arena, as a prominent writer. The political platform of the new venture is: "For Government ownership of the railroad, telegraph, telephone and express companies; and municipal ownership of gas, electric light and water companies; for laws which make it impossible for combinations to corner and thus advance the price of food and clothing; the essential articles of living; for identically the same law, in whole or in part, in theory and fact, in construction and interpretation, for the poor man as well as the rich man; for the repeal of all class legislation by which the masses are impoverished and the few benefited."

The Toronto Globe says: In everything connected with the Klondyke administration, from the diplomatic negotiations at Washington to the laborious climb over the rocks of both passes, Mr. Sifton has demonstrated his fitness for the position to which he has been called and all Canadians may well be proud of his success.

The advice given by Prof. Robertson to grow a variety of crops so as to make a certainty of having something to sell every year is the most valuable suggestion in a letter full of valuable hints, as he says: "Something fails every year; there has never been a year when everything failed."

The binder twine manufacturers may regard the removal of the duty as a deadly piece of work; but we venture to predict that few farmers will die through cheap twine.

"WISHED MYSELF DEAD."
How Many a Poor Dyspeptic Has the Same Wail? But South American Nerve Gives a new Lease of Life.

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Humorous Speech by Lord Dufferin.

The Marquis of Dufferin and Ava made some humorous remarks in Edinburgh, on the occasion of his opening a bazaar in aid of the Leigh Liberal Club. At the outset his Lordship apologized for taking so prominent a part in the proceedings, and said that his daughter, Lucy Helen Munro-Ferguson—(applause)—was at the bottom of the whole business. (Laughter.) Many months ago, reassuming that air of innocence which was native to her as an Irish maiden, she asked him whether he would be willing to assist at the opening of a bazaar to be held in support of a working men's club in Scotland. Being always anxious to render any little service in his power to the working classes, and having a very tender spot in his heart for anything connected with Scotland—(applause)—he readily assented, but he was not aware that since her residence amongst them as a married woman his daughter's native Irish simplicity had been overlaid and encrusted with a very thick accretion of Caledonian "canniness"—(laughter)—for he gradually noted out that the working men's club was a powerful political organization illuminated by opinions and having objects in view which, however dear they might be to his distinguished son-in-law, the member for the Leigh Burghs—(applause)—were alien altogether to the political party to which he had the honor to belong. (Applause.) He could not doubt feel that like Samson of old he had been brought forth by that Delilah of a daughter of his—(laughter)—to make sport in the halls of the Philistines. (Laughter.) His natural instinct in such a case would be to grope about for the pillars which supported their Radical tabernacle. The difficulty which then arose was to discover which was the keystone of their arch. On one side rose in his imagination the florid Corinthian exuberance of Sir William Harcourt, flanked by the staid Ionic chastity of Mr. Morley, confronted by the Doric strength of their late Prime Minister, and subtended by the composite graces of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Birrell. (Laughter and applause.) The question arose with which of those was it necessary to try conclusions in order to bring their roof down. (Laughter.) The ladies present had no occasion for alarm. He would be sorry to become a Balaam on behalf of the lady who had brought him there. Rather would he turn to the object of the bazaar. It was with the greatest pressure that he found himself engaged in a work of manifestly such great utility.—(Applause.)—Belfast Witness.

Philosophy.

The signs is bad when folks commence A fightin' fault with Providence,
And talkin' 'cause the earth won't shake
At every prancin' step they take.
No man is great till he can see
How less than little he would be
If heung his sign out anywhere.
My docters is to say, and stark and bare
Contentions be satisfied,
Jest do your best, and praise er blame
That follers, that counts jest the same.
I've allus noticed great success
Is mixed with troubles more or less,
And it's the man who does the best
That gets more kiches than all the rest.

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THE HOPE OF IMMORTALITY.

(Published by request.)

"If a man die shall he live again? All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come.—Job 14:14

There is a longing hope within men that death does not end all existence. There is an undefined hope that, somehow and somewhere, the life now begun will have a continuation. In some of these hopes there is fear. Realizing their unworthiness of a future of pleasure, many fear a future of woe; and the more they dread it for themselves and others the more they believe in it.

This undefined hope of a future life and its counterpart, fear, doubtless had their origin in the Lord's condemnation of the serpent after Adam's fall into sin and death, that eventually the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head. This was no doubt understood to mean that at least a portion of the Adamite family would finally triumph over Satan, and over sin and death, into which he had inveigled them. No doubt God encouraged such a hope, even though but vaguely speaking of it and through Noah, and through Enoch who prophesied, "Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints." But the gospel (the good tidings) of a salvation from death to be offered to all mankind in God's due time, seems to have been first clearly stated to Abraham. The Apostle declares: "The gospel was preached before to Abraham," saying, "In thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed." This at least was the basis of the Jewish hope of a resurrection; for since many of the families of the earth were dead and dying, the promised blessing of all implied a future life. And when, centuries after, Israel was scattered among the nations at the time of the Babylonian captivity, they undoubtedly carried fragments of God's promises and their hopes everywhere they went.

Sure it is, that whether it came as a result of an admixture of Jewish thought, or because hope is an element of man's nature, or both, the whole world believes in a future life, and almost all believe that it will be everlasting. But such hopes are not proofs of the doctrine; and the Old Testament promises, made to the Jews, are too vague to constitute a groundwork for a clear faith, much less for a "dogmatic theology," on this subject.

It is not until we find, in the New Testament, the clear, positive statements of our Lord, and afterwards the equally clear statements of the apostles, on this momentous subject of Everlast

ing Life that we begin to exchange our vague hopes for positive convictions. In their words we not only have positive statements to the effect that the possibilities of a future life have been provided for all, but the philosophy of the fact and how it is to be attained and maintained are set forth there as nowhere else.

Many have not noticed these points, and hence are "weak in the faith." Let us see what this philosophy is, and be more assured than ever that future life, everlasting life, is by our great and wise Creator's provision made a possibility for every member of the human family.

Beginning at the foundation of this New Testament assurance of Life Everlasting, we find to our astonishment that it first of all admonishes us that in and of ourselves we have nothing which would give us any hope of everlasting life;—that the life of our race was forfeited by the disobedience of our father Adam; and although he was created perfect and was adapted to live forever, his sin not only brought to him the wages of "sin—death"—but that his children were born in a dying condition, inheritors of the dying influences. God's law, like himself, is perfect, and so was his creature (Adam) before he sinned; for of God it is written, "His work is perfect." And God through his law approves only that which is perfect, and condemns to destruction everything imperfect. Hence the race of Adam, "born in sin and shapen in iniquity," has no hope of everlasting life except upon the conditions held out in the New Testament and called The Gospel,—the good tidings, that a way back from the fall, to perfection, to divine favor and everlasting life, has been opened up through Christ and for all of Adam's family who will avail themselves of it.

The key-note of this hope of reconciliation to God, and thus to a fresh hope of life everlasting, is laid in the statements (1) that "Christ died for our sins," and (2) that he "rose again for our justification"; for "the man Christ Jesus gave himself a ransom [a corresponding price] for all." Adam and his race, which when he sinned was yet in him and shared his sentence naturally, have been redeemed [bought] by the precious blood [death] of Jesus Christ.—1 Pet 1:19.

But although the Lord's provision is abundant for all, it is not applicable to any except on certain conditions, namely, (1) that they accept Christ as their Redeemer; and (2) that they strive to avoid sin and to henceforth live in harmony with God and righteousness. Hence we are told that "Eternal Life is the gift of God through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. 6:23) The following Scripture statements are very clear on this subject.

"He that hath the Son hath life [a right or privilege or grant of life as God's gift]; but he that hath not the Son shall not see [perfect] life."—John 3:36; 1 John 5:12.

None can obtain everlasting life except from Christ the Redeemer and appointed Life-giver; and the truth which gives to us the privilege of manifesting faith and obedience, and thus "laying hold on eternal life," is called the "water of life" and the "bread of life."—John 4:14; 6:40, 51.

This everlasting life will be granted only to those who, when they learn of it and the terms upon which it will be granted as a gift, seek for it, by living according to the spirit of holiness. They shall reap it as a gift reward.—Rom. 6:23; Gal. 6:8.

To gain this everlasting life we must become the Lord's "sheep" and follow the voice, the instructions of the Shepherd.—John 10:26-28; 17:2, 3.

The gift of Everlasting Life will not be forced upon any. On the contrary, it must be desired and sought and laid hold upon by all who would gain it.—1 Tim 6:12, 19.

It is this hope, rather than the real life, that God gives us now: the hope that we may ultimately attain it, because God has provided a way by which he can be just and yet be the justifier of all truly believing and accepting Christ.

By God's grace our Lord Jesus not only bought us by the sacrifice of his life for ours, but he became our great High Priest, and as such he is now the "author [source] of eternal salvation to all that obey him." (Heb. 5:9)

"And this is the promise which he hath promised us, even eternal life."—1 John 2:25.

"And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life [now by faith and hope, and by and by actually, "when he who is our life shall appear"] and this life is in his Son." "He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life."—1 John 5:11, 12.

This everlasting life, made possible to Adam and all his race, by our Creator through our Redeemer, but intended for, and promised to, only the faithful and obedient, and which at present is given to those only as a hope, will be actually given to the faithful in the "resurrection."

It will be noticed that the explicit promises of God's Word differ widely from worldly philosophies on this subject. They claim that man must have a future everlasting life because he hopes for it, or in some cases fear it. But hopes and fears are not reasonable grounds for belief on any subject. Neither is there basis for the claim

that there is something in man which must live on and on forever;—no such part of the human organism is known, or can be proved or located.

But the Scriptural view of the subject is open to no such objections: it is thoroughly reasonable to consider our existence or life as therein presented—as a "gift of God," and not an inalienable possession of our own. Furthermore, it avoids a great and serious difficulty to which the idea of the heathen philosophies is open; for when the heathen philosopher states that man cannot perish, that he must live forever, that eternal life is not a gift of God, as the Bible declares, but a natural quality possessed by every man, he claims too much. Such a philosophy not only gives everlasting existence to those who would use it well and to whom it would be a blessing, but to others also, who would not use it well and to whom it would be a curse. The Scripture teaching, on the contrary, as we have already shown, declares that this great and inestimably precious gift (life everlasting) will be given to those who obey the Redeemer and Life-giver. Others, to whom it would be an injury, not only do not possess it now but can never get it. "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." The wicked (all who after coming to a clear knowledge of the truth, still willfully disobey it) shall be cut off from among God's people in the Second Death. They "shall be as though they had not been." "They shall utterly perish." "Everlasting destruction" shall be their doom—a destruction which will last forever, from which there will be no recovery, no resurrection. They will suffer the loss of everlasting life, and all of its privileges, joys and blessings,—the loss of all that the faithful will gain.—Psa. 37:9, 20; Job 10:19; 2 Thes. 1:9.

God's gift of life eternal is precious to all his people, and a firm grasp of it by the hand of faith is quite essential to a well balanced and consistent life. Only those who have "laid hold on eternal life," by an acceptance of Christ and consecration to his service, are able to properly and profitably combat the tempests of life now raging.

A DISTINCTION AND A DIFFERENCE.

But now, having examined the hope of immortality from the ordinary understanding of that word (everlasting life) and having found that everlasting life is God's provision for all those of Adam's race who will accept it in "due time" under the terms of the New Covenant, we are prepared to go a step further and to point out that everlasting life and immortality are not synonymous terms, as people in general suppose. The word "immortal" means more than power to live everlastingly; and, according to the Scriptures, millions may ultimately enjoy everlasting life, but only a very limited "little flock" will be made immortal.

Immortality is an element or quality of the divine nature, but not of human or angelic or any other nature than the divine. And it is because Christ and his "little flock," his "bride," are to be "partakers of the divine nature" that they will be exceptions to all other creatures either in heaven or on earth. 2 Pet. 1:4.

The word "immortal" signifies not mortal—death-proof, indestructible, imperishable. Any being whose existence is dependent in any manner upon another, or upon conditions such as food, light, air, etc., is not immortal. This quality inheres in Jehovah God alone, as it is written,—"The Father hath life in himself" (John 5:26); i.e. his existence is not a derived one nor a sustained one. He "only hath immortality."

Happy, healthy children! Every childless woman feels a tug at her heart-strings when she sees another woman's happy, healthy, rolicking baby. Motherhood is woman's supreme duty and her supreme happiness. Every childless woman feels a tug at her heart-strings when she sees another woman's happy, healthy, rolicking baby. Motherhood is woman's supreme duty and her supreme happiness. Every childless woman feels a tug at her heart-strings when she sees another woman's happy, healthy, rolicking baby. Motherhood is woman's supreme duty and her supreme happiness.

With amazement we inquire, upon whom shall this high honor and distinction be conferred? Upon angels, or cherubim, or seraphim? No; not upon his Son—his specially "first-born," and "only begotten" Son, that he who was always his obedient Son "should in all things have the preeminence" over others. But before he could be so highly honored, he must be tested, proved "worthy" of so great a distinction and so high an exaltation "above his fellows." This test was in view when the sentence of death was pronounced upon Adam and all his children in his loins; the test was that he, Christ, should lay down his life as a ransom price for the life of Adam and all who lost life in his transgression. And he was equal to the test, and gained the prize of "the divine nature," "life in himself," "immortality."

Consider him, who, for the joy set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is now in consequence set down at the right hand [place of favor] of the throne of God. He was rich, but for our sakes he became poor. Inasmuch as the man and race to be redeemed were human, it was needful

that he become human so as to give the ransom a corresponding price. He therefore humbled himself and took the bondman's form; and after he formed himself in fashion a man, he humbled himself even unto death—even unto the most ignominious form of death—the death of the cross. "When, therefore, God having highly exalted him [to the promised divine nature, at his resurrection], and given him a name that is above every name [Jehovah's name excepted—1 Cor 15:27]—Heb. 12:2, 3; 2 Cor. 8:9; Phil. 2:8, 9.

Worthy is the lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and glory, and blessing."—Rev. 5:9, 12.

But more, the opulence of divine favor does not stop with the exaltation of one, but has arranged that Christ Jesus, as the Captain, shall lead a company of the Sons of God to "glory, honor and immortality" (Heb. 2:10; Rom. 2:7), each of whom, however, must be a spiritual "copy" or likeness of the "first begotten." And as a grand lesson of the divine sovereignty, and as a sublime contradiction to all evolution theories, God elected to call to this place of honor (as "the bride, the Lamb's wife and joint heir"—Rev. 21:2, 9; Rom. 8:17), not the angels and the cherubs, but some from among the sinners redeemed by the precious blood of the Lamb. God elected the number to be thus exalted (Rev. 7:4), and predestinated what must be their characteristics if they would make their calling and election sure to a place in that company to be so highly honored; and all the rest is left to Christ, who worketh now as the Father worked hitherto.—John 5:17.

The present age, the Gospel age, from Pentecost to the present time, is the time for the selection of this select class, variously termed "the Church," "the body of Christ," "the Priesthood," "the seed of Abraham" (Gal. 3:29), etc.; and the permission still of evil is for the purpose of developing these "members of the bodies of Christ" and to furnish them the opportunity of sacrificing their little and redeemed all, in the service of him who "bought them with his precious blood; and thus of developing in their hearts his spiritual likeness, that when, at the end of the age, they are presented by their Lord and Redeemer before the Father, God may see in them "the image of his Son."—Col 1:22; Rom. 8:29.

As a reward of "glory, honor and immortality," and all the features of the divine nature, were not conferred upon the "first-begotten" until he had finished his course by completing his sacrifice and obedience in death, so with the church, his bride—counted as one and treated collectively. As our Lord, the First-born and Captain, entered into his glory at the resurrection, as he there became partaker of the divine nature fully, by being born from the dead, born of the spirit; as he there was highly exalted to the throne and highest favor ("right hand") of God, so he has promised that his Church, his bride, shall in her resurrection be changed by resurrection power, from human nature to the glory, honor and immortality of the divine nature.

It is written respecting "the resurrection of the Church": "It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption [immortality]. It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power. It is sown in a natural [mortal] body, it is raised in a spiritual body."—1 Cor. 15:42-44, 49.

It is written respecting "the resurrection of the Church": "It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption [immortality]. It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power. It is sown in a natural [mortal] body, it is raised in a spiritual body."—1 Cor. 15:42-44, 49.

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mortality" (1 Tim. 6:16) as an innate or original quality of being. [* This Scripture may be held to apply to our Lord Jesus Christ in his present and future condition, "highly exalted," "the express image of the Father's person." But even so understood, this passage would be subject to the rule of interpretation laid down by the same writer in 1 Cor. 15:27:—"It is manifest that he (the Father) is excepted (in all comparisons—for he is the fountain from which all blessings proceed). These Scriptures being decisive authority on the subject, we may know beyond peradventure that men, angels, archangels or even the Son of God before and during the time he "was made flesh and dwelt among us" were not immortal—all were mortal.

But the word "mortal" does not signify dying, but merely dieable—possessing life dependent upon God for its continuance. For instance, angels not being immortal are mortal and could die, could be destroyed by God if they became rebels against his wise, just and loving government. In Him [in his providence] they live and move, and have their being. Indeed, of Satan who was such an angel of light, and who did become a rebel, it is distinctly declared that in due time he will be destroyed. (Heb. 2:14) This not only proves that Satan is mortal, but it proves that angelic nature is a mortal nature—one which could be destroyed by its Creator. As for man, he is a "little lower than the angels" (Psa. 8:5), and consequently mortal also, as is abundantly attested by the fact that our race has been dying for six thousand years and that even the saints, in Christ are exhorted to seek for immortality.—Rom. 2:7.

So then, Adam did not become mortal by reason of sin, but was created mortal—by nature he was subject or liable to the death penalty. Had he been created immortal nothing could have destroyed him; for, as we have seen, immortality is a state or condition not subject to death, but death proof.

What, then, was Adam's condition before he sinned, and in what way did the curse affect him? What life had he to lose if he was created mortal?

We answer, that his condition in life was similar to that of the angels; he had life in full measure—lasting life—which he might have retained forever by remaining obedient to God. But because he was not death proof, because he did not have "life in himself" but was dependent upon conditions of divine pleasure and favor for his continuance, therefore God's threat, that if he disobeyed he should die, meant something. Had he not been mortal God's sentence would have been an empty threat. But Adam's perfect life, which would have been continued forever had he remained obedient, was forfeited by disobedience, and he died.

Jehovah God, "who only hath immortality" or "life in himself" origin ally, innately, and of whom are all things, having created various orders of beings, angelic and human, in his own moral and rational likeness, but mortal and not of his divine nature, has declared that he designs a new creation,—an order of beings not only morally and rationally in his resemblance, but in the "express image" of his person and partakers of his own "divine nature"—a prominent constituent or element of which is immortality.—2 Pet. 1:4.

With amazement we inquire, upon whom shall this high honor and distinction be conferred? Upon angels, or cherubim, or seraphim? No; not upon his Son—his specially "first-born," and "only begotten" Son, that he who was always his obedient Son "should in all things have the preeminence" over others. But before he could be so highly honored, he must be tested, proved "worthy" of so great a distinction and so high an exaltation "above his fellows." This test was in view when the sentence of death was pronounced upon Adam and all his children in his loins; the test was that he, Christ, should lay down his life as a ransom price for the life of Adam and all who lost life in his transgression. And he was equal to the test, and gained the prize of "the divine nature," "life in himself," "immortality."

Consider him, who, for the joy set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is now in consequence set down at the right hand [place of favor] of the throne of God. He was rich, but for our sakes he became poor. Inasmuch as the man and race to be redeemed were human, it was needful

that he become human so as to give the ransom a corresponding price. He therefore humbled himself and took the bondman's form; and after he formed himself in fashion a man, he humbled himself even unto death—even unto the most ignominious form of death—the death of the cross. "When, therefore, God having highly exalted him [to the promised divine nature, at his resurrection], and given him a name that is above every name [Jehovah's name excepted—1 Cor 15:27]—Heb. 12:2, 3; 2 Cor. 8:9; Phil. 2:8, 9.

Worthy is the lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and glory, and blessing."—Rev. 5:9, 12.

But more, the opulence of divine favor does not stop with the exaltation of one, but has arranged that Christ Jesus, as the Captain, shall lead a company of the Sons of God to "glory, honor and immortality" (Heb. 2:10; Rom. 2:7), each of whom, however, must be a spiritual "copy" or likeness of the "first begotten." And as a grand lesson of the divine sovereignty, and as a sublime contradiction to all evolution theories, God elected to call to this place of honor (as "the bride, the Lamb's wife and joint heir"—Rev. 21:2, 9; Rom. 8:17), not the angels and the cherubs, but some from among the sinners redeemed by the precious blood of the Lamb. God elected the number to be thus exalted (Rev. 7:4), and predestinated what must be their characteristics if they would make their calling and election sure to a place in that company to be so highly honored; and all the rest is left to Christ, who worketh now as the Father worked hitherto.—John 5:17.

The present age, the Gospel age, from Pentecost to the present time, is the time for the selection of this select class, variously termed "the Church," "the body of Christ," "the Priesthood," "the seed of Abraham" (Gal. 3:29), etc.; and the permission still of evil is for the purpose of developing these "members of the bodies of Christ" and to furnish them the opportunity of sacrificing their little and redeemed all, in the service of him who "bought them with his precious blood; and thus of developing in their hearts his spiritual likeness, that when, at the end of the age, they are presented by their Lord and Redeemer before the Father, God may see in them "the image of his Son."—Col 1:22; Rom. 8:29.

As a reward of "glory, honor and immortality," and all the features of the divine nature, were not conferred upon the "first-begotten" until he had finished his course by completing his sacrifice and obedience in death, so with the church, his bride—counted as one and treated collectively. As our Lord, the First-born and Captain, entered into his glory at the resurrection, as he there became partaker of the divine nature fully, by being born from the dead, born of the spirit; as he there was highly exalted to the throne and highest favor ("right hand") of God, so he has promised that his Church, his bride, shall in her resurrection be changed by resurrection power, from human nature to the glory, honor and immortality of the divine nature.

It is written respecting "the resurrection of the Church": "It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption [immortality]. It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power. It is sown in a natural [mortal] body, it is raised in a spiritual body."—1 Cor. 15:42-44, 49.

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THE FARM.

TO OBTAIN EGGS IN WINTER.

The fact that the annual products of the hen excel any other one agricultural crop may astonish those farmers who pay little or no attention to their poultry. The fact, however, remains. While the farm affords the very best opportunity for poultry-raising, there are comparatively few farmers who intelligently take advantage of the situation. The bulk of poultry products that reach the markets are furnished by the poultry-raisers who are situated at a disadvantage compared with the resources the farm offers. Notwithstanding these contrasts the poultrymen attain success in poultry-raising and the farmers generally do not. System and method, followed by an intelligent effort, even where the accommodations are restricted and it becomes necessary to purchase all the food used in poultry-raising, will eventually secure a paying success. If under such adverse circumstances poultry-raising can be made to pay why should not still better results follow practical management in poultry-raising on the farm? The farm is an ideal place for poultry-raising. The pasture fields, the hedges, the fence rows, the clover fields, the grain stubbles, the ploughed fields, the orchard, and even the rough, hilly, unworkable lands, all furnish an abundance of natural food for poultry. The insectivorous food they secure from these sources are enemies of agriculture. Therefore, while the active hens are providing themselves with egg-making food, they are helping to rid the farm of pests, and in that manner does the service of the hens help the farmer to increase the yield of his various crops. Every farmer should inquire what is necessary to make the poultry flock more profitable. The first thing to do is to kill all the male birds. There should be a weeding out of the hens and the introduction of new blood. If there are some hens of good size, select half a dozen or more and put a pure-bred Plymouth Rock or Wyandotte male with them. Save eggs only from these hens. Here is where farmers make a great mistake—they use eggs for setting from too miscellaneous a lot of hens. The real poultry fancier saves eggs only from select hens, which is the only true method to improve a flock.

Another mistake on many farms in poultry raising is in selling the best and keeping the poorest weaklings and runts to breed from. This is often done through pure thoughtlessness. Every brood has generally two or three chicks that are vigorous and outgrow all the others. These the farmer sells, because they are sooner ready for the market and he can get good prices for those that are early, etc. This plan is followed the entire season. What is left then are true culs, and each year the farmer's flock where such a plan is followed, becomes more worthless. The real poultry fancier follows an exactly opposite plan. He selects the best in each brood, and they are the ones he keeps for breeders. The farmer's plan, therefore, runs down the vigor and profitable qualities of his poultry flock, and the poultryman's method builds it up. Many poultrymen sound an alarm about the dangers of inbreeding. Where nature's course is followed there is little or no danger resulting. In the case of partridges, pheasants and other wild or undomesticated birds the "weakest go to the wall" and the robust and vigorous ones survive and become the progenitors of another season's increase. The poultry-raiser follows, therefore, the plan of nature in their wild state by saving for breeders the strongest and best. Where this plan is intelligently observed the utility qualities can be made to yearly improve without the introduction of new blood. In fact where such methods are carried out, unless one is sure that they secure a male one is sure that the best of the same bird that has been bred on the same line to maintain vigor, etc., it is safer to use the selected males from the home flock. Those who have never followed selecting and retaining the best of each season's breeding will be agreeably astonished (and they will be) to find how they can improve vigor, size and laying qualities of their hens by proper selection. Good stock alone will not result in profit unless they are given humane treatment. Good care and proper housing and feeding will pay, and pay well.

Eggs in winter are the main factor that results in profit in poultry-keeping. A farmer was once heard to exclaim that his "hens always lay well enough when eggs are cheap, but when they are high we don't get any eggs." If he would have ascertained the causes of their not laying at certain seasons he would have discovered the conditions to promote egg-laying were lacking. Had he further observed he would have discovered that when the hens were laying freely that nature spread out before them a bountiful repast of a most varied kind, which they could have had their choice of. There was an ample supply of insectivorous food, plenty of berries, abundant in nitrogen, seeds of various kinds, natural baths for cleanliness, clean dust, and pure clean water always accessible. The warmth of sunshine made the flock comfortable and the shade of bushes and trees tempered the noonday heat most delightfully. In seeking all these creature necessities and comforts, healthful exercise was afforded. A true fancier would have heard and appreciated their glad song expressing contentment and he would have studied the situation and noted the conditions that produced such pleasant results. Next thing the fancier would consider would be how to produce as near as possible, in an artificial way, the same conditions. Hence, in winter, if eggs are expected,

must have comfortable houses. It isn't necessary to keep them confined in the houses. Allow them their choice about it, but have the henhouse comfortable so they can get warmth by going in when they wish to. It is hardly necessary to have any artificial heat, unless in the extreme northern border states. Good housing means economy in feeding. The hens that are cold housed require about all the food they can get to withstand the rigors of winter. When they are properly housed and fed a varied diet, among which should be a supply each day of "greens" such as cabbage, turnip or rutabagas, there should be a paying yield of eggs from the hens. There will be no trouble about it, either, if the farmer has once established a flock of hens by selection in the manner advised. A good plan of feeding in winter is as follows: Breakfast, equal quantities of bulk of cornmeal, ground oats and wheat bran, mixed with cold water. If skim milk can be had, the mixture may be used. The food be, but the milk must be used scalding hot. Always feed the mixed food in clean troughs. Make them long and narrow, not more than five inches deep, then the hens will eat out of them without sitting on the sides. At noon take some long fork clover heads from the hay mow or cut fine good clover hay and pack down in a bucket and pour on boiling water enough to submerge all, then cover the bucket for half an hour, then pour off the water and feed the wheat bran among the scalded mess and feed in the troughs. About 4 o'clock scatter wheat and oats equal quantity of each, among some short litter in a scratching shed. Fear in mind that a roomy shed attached to the henhouse is a strictly necessary fixture.

ASPARAGUS AND STRAWBERRIES.

For fall and winter care of an asparagus bed, clean off all the old tops, weeds and grass that may be thereon and burn. Then if well rotted stable manure can be had, a liberal mulching of this over the entire surface of the bed. If this cannot be had, fresh spring manure can be used. Early in the spring shake out the straw or coarse litter that may be left and space the balance of the bed. A good plan may be better for this work than any other else, as it will not injure the crowns of the plants as much as a shovel or spade might. Many commercial planters, however, top dress their fields in the fall and spring, and it under in the spring by shallow plowing, claiming even if they do break a few of the crowns it is more beneficial than injurious. The strawberry bed, a good mulching of the same material as used on the asparagus may be applied at once now, except directly over the crowns of the plants. Leave these uncovered until the ground is frozen solid in December, then cover lightly. In place of manure for the strawberry bed, leaves, coarse hay, corn stalks or pine boughs may be used with equal advantage. In the spring just uncover the crowns of the plants, so they may grow up, through, leaving the litter on the ground to retain moisture, keep down weeds and keep the berries clean through the fruiting season.

FARM ECONOMY.

Profits on the farm are consequently much greater when the averages for several years are compared, as each year must bear its proportion of expenses, and a failure to secure a profit this year may not be a loss, because there may be a corresponding reduction of expense next year. Nor must we overlook the advantage of the opportunity offered the farmer of selling his own labor in the form of some product. Where a farmer makes only a small profit, but has derived a fair sum for the labor he personally bestowed his gain is greater than the actual profit. The farmer's gain in value as the labor or manure or other accretion has failed to yield a reasonable cash profit. On the farm the item of labor must be considered according to its actual cost as an expenditure. Though the labor of the farmer himself is an item of cost, and must be paid for, yet he pays to himself and it really is profit because of the employment secured by him on the farm. For that reason a small farm or a small flock or herd will always pay for itself in value as the expense incurred, the larger areas or an increase of stock.

STRAWBERRIES.

Nitrate of soda is a valuable fertilizer for strawberries and raspberries; it should be applied with powdered phosphate of lime. This application to strawberries will sometimes treble the yield. The berries are larger in size, handsomer in color, more solid and finer in flavor. Ordinary manure will not produce such results as it is not converted into plant food until after the demand of the fruit. Nitrate of soda and powdered phosphate of lime are assimilated by the plant at once and appropriated at a cost of less than ten dollars per acre using four hundred pounds of the mixture which contains the three ingredients considered necessary to us for feeding plants. Nitrogen, phosphoric acid and an alkali.

SHELL CAPTURE HIM.

Alice, said the gruff old general who used to fight Indians, have you the scalp of that young Spriggins at your feet yet?

No, papa, but I'm camping on his trail.

EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

Did the judge let that man go on the plea of his ignorance of the law?

No, he let him go on the plea of his ignorance of lawyers.

LOOKS LIKE IT.

Does that girl of yours use cold cream for her complexion, Chumpley?

I guess so. I know that I've bought her enough ice cream to fill a box car.

USES BAD ENGLISH.

He—My friend is opposed to everything English.

She—Yes, I noticed that in his conversation.

About the House.

SEASONABLE RECIPES.

Southern Batter Bread.—Three cups of corn meal, half cup of boiled rice, cold, one pint of boiling water, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of lard, three eggs, one cupful of sour milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda; sift meal, salt and soda together, stir in the boiling water and beat in the lard and rice; now whip in the beaten eggs, lastly the sour milk; pour into a well-greased bread pan and bake about thirty minutes in a moderate oven.

Cream of Salmon Soup.—Stir over the fire two tablespoonfuls butter and three of flour in saucepan until smooth; add boiled milk, cup at a time, until three pints have been used. Part water may be used. Season with salt, pepper and a grating of nutmeg. Boil through a coarse sieve, one can of salmon and add to the above. Let heat through and serve.

Baked Beets.—Bake in skins, until tender, about an hour, take out, peel and serve with butter, pepper and salt, and, if liked very sweet, a tablespoonful of sugar.

Grilled Lamb.—Boil the loin half an hour, then take out, score. Sprinkle with a teaspoonful each of salt and mustard and a saltspoonful of pepper. Brush over with beaten yolk of an egg and season with parsley. Put in pan and place in oven until brown—about one hour. Baste often with stock in which it was boiled.

Hickory Nut Drop Cakes.—One cup of sugar, two cups of flour, one cup of sweet milk, whites of two eggs beaten, butter size of an egg, one teaspoonful of hickory nut meats chopped fine. One heaping teaspoonful of baking powder added just before baking. Drop from tablespoon on buttered tin. Bake in moderate oven.

Orange Shortcake.—Two cups of flour, two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of butter and one cup of milk. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together; rub the butter thoroughly into the mixture. Pour in the milk and stir with a knife, turn out on board roll thin and bake in three jelly-cake tins in quick oven. Have ready four oranges; cut off the rind and slice lengthwise in thin slices. When crust is baked take out and butter. Spread oranges on each crust, pile together, and cover top layer of oranges with a softening made as follows: One cup sugar; four tablespoonfuls of water. Let boil until it thickens, then pour on the white of one egg and stir till smooth. Pour quickly over shortcake and send to table at once.

ANYTHING GOOD ENOUGH.

"I have no sympathy whatever for the woman who thinks that because she lives in the country, she can be careless about her own or her children's apparel; or that anything is good enough on the farm, envying her friends in town their clothes," said Mrs. Smith. "I believe in good material. The best is cheapest. Then making it to secure the most wear with least repairs. We wear ourselves and our tempers out over making and darning as well as with making. I for one, say it is time to use our best thought and judgment on the matter. It is thinking that raises us above the level of the animal, or makes us creatures, not machines. The more careful thought we bestow upon our work, the more we know them, the better results we will obtain in the selecting and making, or even the repairing of a garment; the sweeping a room; preparing a meal; caring for our families or what not. One of the lessons the average mother and housekeeper must need to learn is that of careful, discriminating thought; and I know of no better way for her to learn than by mingling with others."

SELECTING A BONNET.

People who have high cheek bones should always select bonnets somewhat broad and square, never narrower than the face, and never wear any pointed headdress; nor should their hair be parted and flatly drawn back.

Something square rising at each side of the head, somewhat in the shape of an A'station bow, should be selected as a bonnet. The bandeaux waved and raised at the sides, these are the best means to make the cheek bones appear smaller.

Short figures can be made to appear taller by choosing bonnets or toques which are high at the back and flat in the front. Something in the shape of a bonnet rising from the crown adds height, whereas an elevation over the brow has only a depressing effect on the face without attaining that object. The back hair should be treated in a similar manner, and should be raised sufficiently high to be visible from the front.

FOR HOLIDAY DESSERTS.

Fudges.—Put into a granite kettle 1 cup milk, 2 cups granulated sugar, 2 squares grated chocolate, and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Boil slowly until it holds together in water. Then add 2 teaspoonfuls vanilla and heat until it begins to thicken. Pour into buttered tins, and when partly cool cut in squares.

Hoarhound Candy.—Steep 1 tablespoon hoarhound, dried leaves, in 1-2 cup water. Strain and add one pint sugar, and 1 tablespoon vinegar. Boil without stirring, test in cold water, and when brittle pour into buttered pans.

Butter Scotch.—One cup brown sugar, 1-2 cup water, a piece of butter, the size of an egg, and 1 teaspoon vinegar. Boil about 20 minutes and flavor if desired.

Chocolate Caramels.—Put 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup molasses, 1 cup milk, and 1 tablespoon glycerine into a kettle and boil fast. When nearly done, add 1 cup grated chocolate and test by dropping a little into cold water. When done pour into buttered pans.

Peanut Candy.—Two cups molasses, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon butter,

1 tablespoon vinegar. Put into kettle and boil, having cracked and rubbed the skin from the peanuts, put them into buttered pans, and when the candy is done pour it over the nuts. Cut into squares while warm.

Vanilla Cream Candy.—Two lbs granulated sugar, 2-3 cup water, 1-4 cup vinegar, piece of butter, the size of an egg. Boil without stirring 20 to 30 minutes, till crisp when dropped in cold water. Just before pouring on platters to cool, add 1 small teaspoon of soda or cream tartar. After pouring upon the platters to cool, pour 2 teaspoonfuls vanilla over the top. Pull.

IT'S ALL A MATTER OF TASTE.

A dash of black pepper greatly improves vanilla ice cream.

Bean soup is much improved by adding a little mace just before serving.

When making corn bisque use cayenne, with a little sugar for seasoning. Add a cup of good cider vinegar to the water in which you boil fish, especially salt-water fish.

Boston baked beans can be greatly improved by adding a cup of sweet cream the last hour of baking.

Place on top of fish when baking thin slices of salt pork; it will baste and season the fish.

Try adding a scant teaspoonful of sugar to each pint of gravy. It will impart a delicious flavor that cannot be obtained in any other way.

Try adding sugar to meat soups in the proportion, putting the sugar in just before serving the soup.

Try adding a little sugar to oatmeal while it is cooking, instead of putting it on when served at the table, and it will be much improved.

Try adding the sugar to apple sauce before it is served, as the sugar added while the apples are cooking will make some varieties hard and tough.

A DREADFUL MIX-UP.

It is the custom in the Old World to send babies to church for baptism when they are eight days old—at which age their mothers are commonly unable to accompany them. In certain parts of France the infants are borne by their nurses but in other parts the god-parents bear them from the house to the altar.

Not long ago at the village of Escoutoux, near Thiers, three families of peasants had assembled from rural districts not far away, for the christening of three little sons. The families were strangers to one another, but had all taken quarters at the single inn of the village. For convenience the innkeeper's wife had put all three of the babies in the same bed.

When the hour for the christening came, the god-parents, all in excellent humor, and making a common celebration of the affair, came and got the babies and took them to the church. All went well during the ceremony, but on the return to the inn it was found that the various god-parents, not knowing very individual about a baby, had mixed the children up.

Naturally the god-parents did not know how to distinguish the babies very well, because most of them had not seen them until that day, and, expecting a mother or a nurse, there is nothing very individual about a baby eight days old. The babies were all dressed in pure white, in clothes made exactly in the same way.

For a moment the fathers of the children had a terrible fear that even the mothers would not know them, and the priest, not knowing them, might claim the same baby. For a time the god-parents did not dare to submit the children to the mothers, leaving each to pick out her own; they feared that they might get into a still worse snarl, and that it was their duty to find out which baby was which by a careful enquiry. Meantime the three mothers became much agitated.

It was finally decided to let the mothers do the selecting, and each promptly chose her own infant without any disagreement whatever. This seemed to put matters right, but now the question arose, since the babies had been confessedly mixed up by the god-parents after taking them out of the church, how could the ceremony be repeated, since a second baptism is impossible.

At last accounts this difficulty had not been adjusted, and it is possible that the three children will go through life with the immature resting upon them that perhaps they are bearing names that were in fact bestowed upon some one else.

NO HALF MEASURES.

I believe in meeting people half way so I do; but my mother-in-law would scold like the dickens if I didn't go clear to the station.

JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

Those neighbors of yours seem to be pretty well fixed.

I don't see it. They do all their riding with horses and carriages. There isn't a wheel in the whole outfit.

At Alsea, Or., an executor of a will who sought to prevent the decedent's widow, the executor's mother-in-law, from entering a granary on the estate arranged a gun so that it would be discharged through the doorway the moment the door was opened.

From Merida, Yucatan, comes the story of an obliging and resigned prisoner who escorted through the streets his drunken guard, after having taken the officer's gun away, delivered him to the jail authorities, and went back to work.

Boarding school girls near Topsa Kan., out for a lark one day, used a hay stack for a shooting-the-chutes performance and succeeded in bringing down the top of the stack on themselves, and with it the farmer's wrath. He took legal advice and threats prosecution for trespass and suit for damages.

WHAT UNCLE SAM IS AT.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ABOUT THE BUSY YANKEE.

Neighborly Interest in His Deluge—Matters of Moment and Flirth Gathered from the Daily Record.

From two corn cribs at Monticello, Ill., the rat catchers got 1,400 rats in one raid.

An Ohio city has made a special police officer of a man who has served two terms in prison.

In Morrisville, Vt., there is a butcher who is so good a shot that he kills all his cattle with a rifle.

An earnest intending Benedict of Barren county, Ky., walked thirty-two miles after a marriage license.

At Tangent, Or., a steam plough has been devised which the inventor thinks will plough fifteen acres a day.

N. R. Freeman, a Justice of the Peace at Winamac, Ind., who is 94 years old, has married 2,977 coagles.

While going over a cornfield at Dwight, Kan., a farmer found a gold ring that his wife had lost there eleven years ago.

One of South Topeka's farmers is enjoying new potatoes on his home table, the third crop from the same part of his land this year.

Though for fifty years a lumberman and much of the time in the deer country, a Machias, Me., man never shot a deer until this season.

Mrs. J. F. Hostetter, of Suffolk Va., was surprised recently to find a night-blooming cereus flower wide open at 10:30 o'clock in the morning.

After letting a cut finger go unhealed for a couple of days, a Calais, Vt., man had to have it amputated, and then fell a victim to tetanus.

Ann Arbor boarding house mistresses, feeling strong for a fight, have been discussing a purpose to prohibit smoking in rooms rented to students.

"But one degree removed from horse racing" is the verdict of a Kansas paper that would be religious upon the dear old lawn-society game of croquet.

Councilmen of Eugene, Or., have had under consideration an ordinance permitting officers and practicing physicians to ride bicycles on the sidewalks.

It is said that one of the single-bitten men of Van Buren county, Ark., when he came to get married, interrupted the ceremony to fix his suspended.

In the jail yard of a Mexican prison the warden has caused a photograph to be placed which repeats to the convicts the charges made against them in the voices of their victims.

Pheasants which hunters have protected in recent years since a blizzard almost exterminated them, have been most plentiful this season in the Cumberland region of Maryland than ever before.

It is told of a woman who lives midway between Machias and Whitneyville, Me., places four miles apart, that she has not visited Machias for sixteen years, or Whitneyville for eighteen years.

One of the unconverted of Worth county, Missouri, has sent out a story that an evangelist who has been residing in the county has had to quit because of an insufficiency of water to baptize his converts.

Father, mother, and children in a family of a dozen at Lincoln Centre, Kan., are all in school, the parents and the two elder children being in the same class. The father is an amateur minister, 45 years old.

Officers found a speak-easy in the top story of a building at Durham, N. C., and discovered that the patrons did not climb to it, but had their liquor let down by means of strings to them on the ground floor.

One of the athletic women of San Jose, Cal., when a footpad grabbed her the other evening, struck him a fist blow in the eye that took all the enterprise out of him and enabled her to make her escape.

Following the grocer who sold butter that had "never been eat," there has come a butcher who announces in Sturgeon, Mo., that he will "rightly" handle meats that have never been sold in Sturgeon before.

The burial of a colored veteran's body in the special G. A. R. plot at Havawatha Kan., so incensed the widow of a white commander of the post that she had her husband's body disinterred and reburied in a private plot.

After cleaning his waistcoat with gasoline, a railroad brakeman of Rutland, Vt., struck a match to light his pipe, and the corduroy garment caught fire. The conductor smothered the flames by throwing a coat about the brakeman.

Bernard Williamson, an Englishman, got himself into trouble last week by trying to photograph the fortifications at Fort Monroe. He was indignantly when he was arrested by the sentry. He thought he had been mistaken for a Spanish spy.

Nathan King, who is said to farm "in a scientific way," and is known as the "Butter King of Boone County," Missouri, has sold 1,000 pounds of butter so far this year, the product of the milk of twenty-four Jersey cows and it is said that he has been able to get 25 cents a pound or better for all of it. He is not one of the complaining farmers.

It has been noticed that within the past year the chipping of bats from the Stonewall Jackson monument at the place where he received his mortal wound on the battlefield of Chancellorsville, has seriously disfigured the monument and steps have been taken to deal severely with reckless hunters, otherwise described as vandals in future.

The report says that the monument to the Union Gen. Sedgwick near by is almost untouchable.

POOR TOMMY!

Even so sacred a thing as maternal affection may sometimes provoke a smile.

Why Mrs. Jamiesly exclaimed a neighbor across the back-yard fence. Do you beat your own carpets?

Yes, replied Mrs. Jamiesly. I don't mind it. It's good exercise.

I should think you'd have Tommy do it.

Poor Tommy! rejoined the good woman resuming her exercise. He belongs (whack!) to gymnastic class, downtown, and (whack!) he's so tired when he comes home in the afternoon (whack!) that I haven't the heart to ask him, (whack!) to take hold of any work like this, (whack, whack!).

DECLARING HIMSELF.

Do you like the hat? she turned it slowly on the pink tips of her fingers.

More than I can tell, but I love its darling little owner.

How sweet. It belongs to sister. I'll call her.

CONSIDERATE.

Re—Why don't you say something about my mustache?

She—Because it seems like such a modest little thing.

ANOTHER HOWL.

What's all Calamity howling about now?

Because he can't get as much for wheat here as they're paying at the Klondike.

A JEALOUS BOSS.

Why did you discharge Darrow? Didn't he do his work satisfactorily?

Oh, yes, he attended to business all right, but my typewriter got to thinking the blamed fool was the best-looking man in town.

AT THE CONCERT.

Why on earth are they encoring this woman?

Perhaps they see that she wants practice.

A Romany Wife.

In the low-ceiled living room of a small thatched-roof cottage standing on the border of a Suffolk heath a woman sat alone by the side of a wood fire, which gave out the only light that relieved the gathering gloom of a winter's night. The occasional gleams that lit up the walls when an unburned branch fell amid the ruddy embers revealed that the room was sparsely furnished with cheap new chairs and a table such as would be within the means of purchase of a laboring man who found regular employment in the farmyard and the fields. Their newness was painfully obvious; it was plain that every article in the room had but lately shed the rough straw wrappings of the dealer's store. The figured oilcloth on the table was so shiny that it reflected the firelight; the chairs had an angularity that suggested the impossibility of a person comfortably conforming to their rigid outlines; the unit lamp, with its gaudily painted globe and pedestal, seemed meant for tawdry effect rather than use. If one might judge from the face and attitude of the woman she was conscious of the incongruity which existed between these garish objects and the smoke-stained plaster walls which contained them, for she had turned her back upon them and was gazing moodily into the fire.

The incongruity of taste displayed in the furnishing of the room was emphasized by the presence there of the woman herself. A glance at her was sufficient to compel the conclusion that she was out of place in that weather-worn cottage as was the new bought furniture the contiguity of which she was trying to ignore. There was something in the expression of her face when the firelight fell on it that suggested some captive creature looking out through prison bars on the scene of its vanished freedom. It was a swarthy face and a hard one, but the dark eyes, with pupils scarcely contracted by the dim light were restless, and revealed a faculty for fierce pleasure and pain that nothing else about her betrayed. A mass of dark hair was gathered closely about her head, without a hint of any attempt at adornment, and her dress was that of a farm-hand's wife who might at times find work in the fields. But neither her attire nor the fashion in which her hair was done could hide the fact that the woman was of Romany blood un-mixed with any alien strain.

It had been a stormy day, and all through the daylight hours the sky had been obscured by a murky cloud-rack, which came up from the westward and swept swiftly over the brown heath and out over the grey sea. Sitting silent and alone the woman could still hear the wind wailing through the ragged fir edge that bordered the heath at times, when a violent gust seemed to lift the loose roof thatch, its sudden shock upon the cottage walls drowned the distant roaring of the waves. Now and again some dried leaves from under the garden fence were blown against the window panes, but the woman did not turn her head, and such startling sounds were soon unheard and the loud beating of a rain squall.

The gales' won't stray far from the camp to-night," she muttered to herself, as the wind rattled the window frame, and an arched, which found its way beneath the door, scattered some of the sand that was sprinkled on the floor.

She was thinking of the life she had abandoned of the time when, with the Romany folk of her tribe, she had encamped on the heath under the shade of the very first which were now spreading their dusky boughs seaward before the storm. Some of the gipsies were camped there that night, but none of them had come to see her; they looked upon her as an outcast, unworthy of intercourse with their tribe. Only Reuben Lee—'Watcher Lee' as the keepers called him—had had a word to say to her. Her mother had refused to open the door of her van when she knocked for admission—had seen her close it as she crossed the heath—and when she had looked back as she turned away from the door, Elvira had laughed mockingly at her from the steps of her husband's van. Almost blind with rage and mortification she had stumbled against Reuben near her cottage gate and he had asked with a kindly smile if she would like to have a house-dwelling husband. Didn't the gipsies treat her well? Was she tired of living the respectable life of a plow-driver's wife? Did she wish herself back among the rascally roving crew who cheated servant girls out of their wages and swindled farmers into buying worthless 'gossies' Reuben had been in Yorkshires when she ran away from the camp and married the slow-witted farmer's man, who was smitten with her dark eyes and saucy looks but her people had evidently told him all about her, for he did not fling back her very words in her teeth? But then he had seen how his words hurt her, for he had changed his tone and spoken to her softly, begging her to leave the life which she could have little liking and take up again the old free, roving ways.

A defiant mood had come upon her as she listened to his bitter words but it had been hard to resist him when he spoke tenderly and gave utterance to thoughts that had often of late come to her as she sat in the dusk alone, after night the craving for the old life had seized her; each time it had gained a fiercer hold, and she knew what the end would be. And now again she asked herself: What was she doing among the fettered house-dwellers of a poverty-stricken hamlet—she who was of true Romany blood, and to whom freedom to wander where she would was the very breath of life? How could she let herself be chained to

the hearthside of a boorish laborer, who kept her there to ease she was able to cook his food and mend his clothes? She had come to him in a fit of pique after a quarrel with her people, and he had been only too glad to have her for his handsome face, but he too had changed of late, and had often come home sullen and curdled because the village women had ridiculed him for marrying a gypsy wife.

Something that sounded like the tapping of fingers at the window at length aroused the woman, and she opened the door and looked out into the night. The force of the wind as it swept into the room drove her back for a moment, and she was obliged to cling to the door for support; but it seemed to awaken her from her reverie, and she stretched out her arms and drew in deep breaths of the chill night air. How good it was! The smell of the earth, and of the autumn's fallen leaves seemed to come with it from the fields and coverts beyond the heath. There was the camp fire, too, still burning under the shelter of the ridge; surely she could smell the smoke of the smoldering twigs! A dark shadow obscured the flickering flames, and she knew that one of the men was seeing that the horses were safe for the night. The gypsies were starting for the south in the early morning—Reuben had told her that—and they would not return to Suffolk till next summer. They were free to go where they pleased, but she—

Half an hour later the cottage door again opened, and the woman stole quietly out into the darkness. She paused on the threshold and gave a glance backward toward the table, where her husband's supper was laid and the lamp was now lit. By its light it could be seen that she had put on a dress of ruby velvet—it was the one she wore when she ran away from the camp—and her shoulders were wrapped about with a bright-colored shawl. She had put on, too, a velvet-trimmed hat such as the Romany girls favor, and its large grey feather hung about in the wind. Her hair hung down in glossy black curls; she had heavy gold earrings in her ears and, instead of the single gold ring that had encircled her third finger she wore three heavy rings with flashing brilliants. She was a Romany lass again, and she gave a reckless laugh as she closed the cottage door.

Before dawn, Reuben Lee's van had left the heath. He had roused his brother during the night and told him he had changed his mind and was going to travel again in the northern route. He would meet him again in the spring.

Josh Lee, who had caught sight of a moving shadow in Reuben's van, grined behind a hand that might have hidden a yawn, and said—

"All right; there's gossies to be bought cheap that read, no doubt, and the Tykes and their wenchies have always got silver for a handsome lass who can tell their fortunes."

OVER THE CROW'S NEST.

James Isbester Makes the Trip—The Work, the Country, etc.

James Isbester, one of the oldest railway contractors in the Dominion, has just returned to Montreal from a trip over the Crow's Nest Pass Railway.

Leaving the main line of the Canadian Pacific he proceeded to Lethbridge, where the Crow's Nest road proper begins, and from thence he drove along the new line and saw the rapid progress that was being made by the several sub-contractors who have the enterprise in hand. The streams which flow through the region traversed by the first 50 miles of the new road make it one of the finest countries for raising cattle that can be found in any part of Canada, and if he saw one hundred there must have been at least 60,000 head along the route.

QUALITY OF THE WORK.

Asked about the quality of the work being done, Mr. Isbester replied that roadbed, bridges and other structures all along the line under construction were of a very superior kind, and from what he could see of the preparatory work on the eastern portion of the road the same solidity would be carried into the building of the mountain sections. This week would no doubt see the rails laid on sixty miles and track laying would be complete to Summit Lake, about 100 miles from Lethbridge by the end of December. He also said that the Pass, through which the road had been already laid, and added that nature seemed to have intended the break in the mountains for trains and other factors of development and civilization. On the north side of this wonderful Pass is Crow's Nest Mountain, while Sulphur Mountain rises on the south side of the track. When one approaches the Crow's Nest from the east the mountain, although 25 miles away, appears right at hand, and not until the drive is made can we realize the distance. The top of Crow's Nest is seldom visible, as it is generally obscured by a mist.

ON THE MOUNTAIN SECTION.

After going over the line as far as possible, Mr. Isbester returned to Lethbridge and Dunmore, and proceeded westward in the main line, where he was amazed at the great amount of permanent work that had been done by the company during the past year or two in the mountain section. The new cantilever bridge over Stanley Creek costing probably \$250,000, was the finest structure of the kind he had ever seen.

PROVED IT.

Mrs. Watts: The doctor says a good cry is healthful.

Mrs. Potts: I know it is. A good cry gained me a trip to the seashore last year, and I came back feeling better than I had for oh, ever so long.

NEW STARS DISCOVERED.

The new stars already discovered this year number 427.

THE CURE WAS PERMANENT

The Story of a Man Who Suffered the Agonies of a Living Death.

MEDICAL EXPERTS PRONOUNCED HIM INCURABLE AND HE WAS PAID A LARGE DISABILITY CLAIM.

The Case Probably the Most Wonderful in the History of Medical Science—Brought from Hopeless, Helpless, Inactivity to Health and Strength.

From the Meaford, Ont., Monitor.

About two years ago the Monitor procured an interview with Mr. Reuben Petch, of Griesville, in order to ascertain from his own lips if the reports were well founded that he attributed his most astonishing return to health to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The result of the interview was published in the Monitor under the date of Jan. 17th, 1896. Mr. Petch's case was certainly one of the most extraordinary in the annals of medicine in Canada, if not in the world. He had been ill for five years, and in that time he consulted no less than six of the best physicians he could find, but none could give him the least relief. His limbs and body were puffed out to such an extent that he could not get his clothing on, and for two years he had not dressed. He had lost the use of his limbs entirely. His flesh seemed to be dead, and pins could be stuck into various parts of his body without being felt or creating the slightest sensation. He could not move about and if he attempted to get up would fall and would have to be lifted up. He was unable to open his mouth sufficiently to take solid food, and had to be fed with a spoon. He was under the impression that he was spinal sclerosis, and that he could not possibly get better. He was in fact nothing more or less than an animated corpse, so helpless was he. He was a member of the Canadian Mutual Life Association, and was under official rules entitled to disability insurance and made a claim for it. Two doctors, on behalf of the association, were sent to examine him, and they pronounced him incurable and permanently disabled, and in accordance with their report he was paid a disability insurance of \$1,650.00. "This was about two years after his sickness began. For three years more he lingered in the condition above noted, utterly helpless, and a burden to himself and his friends. He was then advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He did not hope that they would help him, but in his sad condition he was prepared to grasp at anything that afforded the prospect of relief. The first change noted in his condition after he began the use of the pills was a disposition to sweat freely. Then life began to return to his hitherto dead body, and from that time on his progress toward recovery and activity was steady and rapid.

The publication of the interview, containing the facts above noted, created unusual interest, not only in this section, but throughout Canada. That a man, whose limbs and body were all but dead, who had been examined by medical experts, and pronounced incurable and on the strength of their report was paid a large disability claim, should afterwards be cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, was looked upon as a marvel. Many were skeptical; not as to the cure for the fact that he was active, going about proved this—but they did not believe it would prove permanent. In view of the doubts then expressed, the Monitor determined to watch the case closely, and now, nearly five years after the cure was first published, has again interviewed Mr. Petch, with the result that we are in a position to say most emphatically that this remarkable cure has proved permanent.

On being again questioned Mr. Petch said: "You see those hands—the skin is now natural and elastic. Once they were hard and without sensation. You could pierce them with a pin and I would not feel it, and what is true of my hands is true of the rest of my body. Perhaps you have observed that I have now even ceased to use a cane, and can get about my business perfectly well. You may say there is absolutely no doubt as to my cure being permanent. Indeed I am in even better health than when I gave you the first interview."

"Do you still attribute your cure to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?" asked the Monitor.

"Unquestionably I do," was the reply. "Doctors had failed, and had also the numerous remedies recommended by my friends. Nothing I took had the slightest effect upon me until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. To this wonderful medicine I owe my release from a living death. I can now recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to many of my friends, and the verdict is in their favor. I shall always bless the day I was induced to take them."

The above are the chief statements made by Mr. Petch in his latest interview, and the Monitor may remark, from a long acquaintance with him, that we consider his statements absolutely true and reliable. He has no interest to serve other than a desire to recommend the medicine that has done so much for him, and we feel sure that if any sufferer will write Mr. Petch, enclosing a stamp for reply, he will endorse all the statements made above. We may further add that Mr. Petch's remarkable recovery, leaves no doubt of the wonderful curative powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and it seems reasonable to infer that they will do for others what they have done for him—restore health and vitality.

THE BRITISH POST OFFICE.

Some Statistics contained in the Annual Report of the Postmaster-General.

The statistics contained in the annual report of the British Postmaster-General are in many instances, like the distances of the stars, beyond the reach of the imagination. It may, as a matter of arithmetic, be calculated that the total number of postal packets delivered in the United Kingdom during the year which ended March 31 was 3,141,715,000; but the mind of man can only reel before so stupendous a total. It is more easy to apprehend that, if these missives were divided equally among the population each would have received eighty letters, post-cards, newspapers and parcels in the course of the twelve months. Happily we do not all get our due. The Postmaster-General is, however, compelled to admit that in the ingredients which enter into this vast total a change is taking place. The rate of increase in letters has been apparently checked permanently, and the falling off has been made up in post-cards. "I assume, therefore," reasons the Duke of Norfolk, "that post-cards are to a certain extent, superseding letters." In a time like ours, when speed is of the greatest consequence, this alteration is not to be wondered at. If telegrams were cheapened, they would supersede post-cards. It is worthy of note that the increasing popularity of the post-card is due to the concession of the privilege of using private cards. This innovation was studiously opposed by the postal authorities. Countless difficulties were discovered to lie in the way. The public did not want private cards; or, if they did, they would disorganize the service by using them too plentifully. Not one of these predictions has been fulfilled. Nearly a half of the cards passing through the post are not of official type, and no trouble has been experienced in dealing with them. Another department of the post-office about which much croaking has been heard is the savings bank. Its deposits have undoubtedly attained startling dimensions. It is realized that the amount due to depositors on Dec. 31, 1896, was greater by some millions than the whole of the national revenue for one year! The complaint that the savings bank is being largely used by persons who might well resort to ordinary bankers has, nevertheless, little or no foundation. The Postmaster-General has instituted inquiries which show that more than sixty per cent. of the total number of depositors are women and children, exactly the class of investor which falls a ready victim to bogus building societies, worthless company promoters, and other forms of deception.

TREES THAT GROW IVORY.

It is a mistake to suppose that all ivory comes from the tusks of the elephant and other animals. As a matter of fact, the greater part of it comes from the fruit of palm trees that grow in South America. If a man could only cultivate the trees in England he could turn his back garden to good account. Of course, the ivory does not grow in the form of a tusk. The fruit of the tree contains nuts, having a copious supply of albumen, which is edible when young, but afterwards becomes exceedingly hard and white, bearing so strong a resemblance to ivory that only an expert could tell the difference. Nearly all knife handles that are sold as ivory are made from these nuts.

The Probabilities

Are, that your temper will improve, and you will enjoy walking and skating in real earnest once that corn is removed. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor never fails, gives no pain and will relieve you in twenty-four hours. Give Putnam's Corn Extractor a trial and be happy.

A GOOD RULE.

It is a good rule in some life to avoid all arguments which tend to irritate or wound. Blessings on the memory of a saint of 99 years who once said: "Dear child, never insist on the last word about anything. It isn't worth while. You can keep your own opinion, but let your friend express his if he wants to, and refuse for your part to quarrel about a trifle."

Be Not Deceived. A Cough, Hoarseness or Croup are not to be trifled with. A dose in time of Shiloh's Cure will save you much trouble. Sold by all druggists.

COMMON HEREDITARY TRAIT.

Doctor, what do you regard as the surest hereditary trait—that is, what peculiarity is most likely to be inherited?

My observation leads me to believe that the desire to escape work is about the most common thing that people inherit.

Cure the Cough with Shiloh's Cure. The best Cough Cure. Relieves Croup promptly. One million bottles sold last year. 40 doses for 25 cents. Sold by all druggists.

A TRAMP'S EXCUSE.

Would you work if you had a chance?

Madam, it is against my principles to have anything to do with games of chance.

TALLEST WOMAN IN AMERICA.

Probably the tallest woman in America has just died at the City of Mexico. Her height was six feet nine inches. She was born in the State of Sonora, and was in no way remarkable except for her unusual height. For the last few years she has been a familiar figure in the streets of the capital of Mexico, where she attracted a great deal of attention from all strangers and travelers. She died at the age of forty-three. Her name was Magdalena Ciente. She was uneducated and spoke the Spanish language with difficulty.

Cure Yourself of Rheumatism.

The application of Nerviline—nerve pain cure—which possesses such marvellous power over all nerve pain, has proved a remarkable success in rheumatism and neuralgia. Nerviline acts on the nerves, soothes them, drives pain out and so gives relief. Try it and be convinced.

CZAR'S WINTER PALACE.

The Winter Palace, which is the principal residence of the Czars, is on the bank of the Neva, and, with the Hermitage, which is connected with it, contains the great Russian collections of works of art, jewels and antiquities. Each of its four sides is 700 feet long, and when the Czar is in residence it is inhabited by some 7,000 persons.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

In local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, Etc.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

BRIDGET'S COMMAND.

Mattie—Now, Bridget, as mamma is away I will help get breakfast in the morning if you will wake me early.

Bridget—Oh! don't do no hilly at all. Jist shape, an' don't yez dress an' cum down till yez wake up.

DREADFULLY NERVOUS.

Gents—I was dreadfully nervous, and for relief took your Karl's Clover Root Tea. It quieted my nerves and strengthened my whole Nervous System. I was troubled with constipation, Kidney and Bowel trouble. Your Tea soon cleansed my system so thoroughly that I rapidly regained health and strength. Mrs. S. A. Sweet, Hartford, Conn. Sold by all druggists.

THE BEAUTY OF IT.

Mr. Housekeeper—Did you ask the new girl why she left her last place?

Mrs. Housekeeper, in amazement—Why, certainly not. I never look into the matter in the mouth. If she hadn't left her last place she wouldn't be here!

Karl's Clover Root Tea is a pleasant laxative. Regulates the bowels, purifies the blood, cures indigestion, and is a gift horse in the bargain. It costs 25 cents. Sold by all druggists.

WHAT HAPPENED.

Once a friend of mine agreed that it would be helpful for each of us to tell the other his faults.

How did it work?

We haven't spoken for nine years.

W P C 806

AGENTS WANTED. BOSTON PERFECTION PAPER CO., 100 King St. W., Toronto.

MONEY CAN BE DOUBLED IN A YEAR. Those having money to invest would find it profitable to invest in the new enterprise of F. J. McIntosh, 81 McGill St., Toronto.

Good Man Wanted. A man to look after the business of the new enterprise of F. J. McIntosh, 81 McGill St., Toronto.

SAUSAGE CASINOS. New Enterprises, honest and profitable. Write for particulars. ROBINSON & PATRONS, 31 Yonge St. east, Toronto.

LAW

Mills, Mills & Hales. Barristers, solicitors, and conveyancers in Western Canada. Richmond St. W., Toronto.

A REAL LUXURY!

Looking out over the many homes of this country, we see thousands of women wearing away their lives in household drudgery that might be materially lessened by the use of a few cakes of SAPOLIO. If an hour is saved each time a cake is used, if one less wrinkle gathers upon the face because the toil is lightened, she must be a foolish woman who would hesitate to make the experiment, and he a churlish husband who would grudge the few cents which it costs.

If your grocer sends you anything in place of SAPOLIO, send it back and insist upon having just what you ordered. SAPOLIO always gives satisfaction. On floors, tables, and painted work it acts like a charm. For scouring pots, pans, and metals it has no equal. Everything shines after it, and even the children delight in using it in their attempts to help around the house.

Get Groceries and substitutes cheaper goods for SAPOLIO to make a better profit. Send back such articles and insist on having just what you ordered.

THE MONEY MAKER. RUBBING MACHINE. KNITTING MACHINES. OLD AND RELIABLE. Established 1872.

THIS IS FOR YOU—Clothe your family from head to foot with our MONEY MAKER.

Prices only \$15, \$20, \$30.

CREELEMAN BROS., Georgetown, Ont.

800 TYPESETTERS PRINTED BY

MONSOON is Clean
MONSOON is Fragrant
MONSOON is Delicious
MONSOON is Economical
MONSOON Indo-Ceylon Tea
IS THE BEST.
25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 cents per pound.
The Monsoon Tea Co., 7 Wellington St. W., Toronto.
OLD Canadian Postage stamps wanted. Good prices paid. Dr. Mason, 131 Mutual Bldg. Toronto.

PATENTS. For Invention or Protection in Canada or in Great Britain. Write for free book on patents, etc.

WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, WHOOPING COUGH, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS.

Apples, Poultry, Eggs, etc.

The Dawson Commission Co., Limited. 60, West Market and Osborne Sts., TORONTO.

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EYE, EAR, NOSE & THROAT SPECIALIST.

SEVERAL GOOD IMPROVED AND 100-acre mortgages in the counties of Middlesex, Essex, Kent and London for sale. Very cheap! Small capital required. Loans at a low rate of interest. For full particulars apply to WILLIAM D. BURNER, Manager Ontario Loan & Debenture Co., London.

G. DUTHIE & SONS. Slate, Sheet-Metal, Tile & Gravel Roofs.

Sheet Metal Collars, Terra Cotta Tiles, Red, Black and Green Roofing Slates, Mills, One-half, One, and Two Inch, and all other Roofing Materials, etc., supplied the trade.

Telephone 1288 Adelaide & Widmer Sts., TORONTO.

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REFERENCE—IMPERIAL BANK.

"WE WANT YOU QUICK."

Intelligent ladies and gentlemen can be supplied with general and very PROFITABLE employment. Industry is the essential NECESSARY to secure GOOD REMUNERATION. Can give the address of prominent men who have just cleared \$115 in 21 DAYS. \$5 can be made right AT your own HOME.

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DR. GOODE'S PAINLESS PENNYROYAL PILLS

A Specific for Female Complaints.

Are a true boon to every lady who suffers from the performance of nature's office. They at once ease the pain and restore natural and healthy action of the ovarian vessels. For a true and desirable remedy they are really what can be used. They are recommended solely from the active principles of vegetable nature, and are perfectly safe and reliable. Ask your druggist for them, and if you do not like them, return them and get your money back. Price \$1.00 per Bottle, or \$5.00 Wholesale Agents: The Toronto Pharmaceutical Co., Limited, Toronto.

CANADA PERMANENT LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY

Subscribed Capital.....\$5,000,000
Paid-up Capital.....2,000,000
Assets.....\$7,000,000
HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO ST., TORONTO.
Branch Offices—WINDSOR, MONTREAL, and VANCOUVER, B.C.

The ample resources of this Company enable its Directors to make advances on all real estate, without delay, at low rates of interest, and on the most favorable terms of repayment. Loans granted on Improved Farms and on Productive Town and City Property. Mortgages and Municipal Debentures Purchased.

Applications will be received at the Office of the Company. J. HERBERT MARON, Managing Director, Toronto.

FOR TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

Fireman Frank McLean visited Regina on Monday.

Mrs. Gass and family accompanied Mr. Gass to Regina on Tuesday.

Mr. Walter Scott, of Regina, was in town on Friday and Saturday last.

General Middleton, who commanded the Canadian force in the 1885 rebellion, is dead.

Miss Sweet and Miss Young, of Regina, returned home on Saturday after visiting Mrs. S. Cameron for a week.

Mr. Thos. Rankine, of Supt. Mile stone's office, leaves next week for Regina having secured a position in the North West Government offices.

The hockey match which was to take place at Regina last evening has been postponed, owing to the Regina rink being let to the curlers for the bonspiel.

Mr. W. Cranston, advance agent for Hardie's "Ideals," was in town on Monday and arranged for his company to appear in the town hall on Wednesday next.

Mr. Frank Martin, who is in charge of G. M. Annable's ranch, appeared before W. C. Sanders, J.P., on Friday last, charged with assaulting Joseph Chabott. He was fined \$10 and costs.

Mr. Martin, C.P.R. operator at Regina, will be transferred to Moose Jaw at the beginning of next month, succeeding Mr. Ed. Hunt who was recently promoted to the despatchers' staff.

An exchange speaks favorably of the good work being done at Elkhorn by Rev. W. C. Bunt, formerly of Moose Jaw. Mr. Bunt's friends in this district will be pleased to hear good reports of him.

Messrs. J. H. Ross, M.L.A., Robt. Martin, W. F. Eddy and J. W. Smith, of Regina, went down to the Moosomin bonspiel last week. They won the grand challenge trophy and four silver headed canes.

Mr. G. A. Cameron, of Fraser & Cameron, Indian Head, was in town this week putting in the office fittings for the Union Bank, which may be taken as a sample of the work turned out by the firm. Mr. Cameron returned east on Wednesday night.

Rev. T. Forrier left on Wednesday evening for Ross Valley, where he lectured on "The Philosophy of Failure" the following evening. This evening he lectured on the same subject at Wideawake. On Sunday next he will be at Indian Head. Rev. A. Barner will occupy the Methodist pulpit in his absence.

The Prince Albert Advocate says:—The Liberal Association meeting advertised for Wednesday last was postponed for three weeks, owing to a mistake being made in the date of call. About thirty persons were present, however, and were addressed by T. O. Davis, M.P., on the tariff question and other live issues. Before adjournment a vote of confidence was passed in the Laurier administration and our local member, Mr. T. O. Davis.

N. F. Davin, M.P., and Mrs. Davin left Regina for Ottawa on Saturday and will visit Toronto and Montreal prior to the opening of Parliament. Speaking to a press representative Mr. Davin said that he believed that the overland routes to Yukon via Edmonton and Prince Albert were each feasible, but hoped a railway could be built through from one of those towns to the gold regions before long. This matter would occupy his earnest attention while in Ottawa.

At the last meeting of the Regina Presbytery it was decided that special sermons should be preached on the subject of home missions at every station in the district. Special appointments were made, Rev. J. A. Carmichael, of Regina, being assigned to Moose Jaw, and Rev. J. C. Cameron to Buffalo Lake. Pursuant to the above arrangement, Mr. Carmichael will have charge of the services in the Moose Jaw Presbyterian church next Sunday, both morning and evening, and Mr. Cameron will supply Knox church pulpit, Regina, during the day.

Free Press: Mr. S. McLeod, one of the pioneer merchants of Prince Albert, is in the city, returning from the east, where he has been purchasing goods and interviewing members of the Toronto, Hamilton and Montreal Boards of Trade on the route to Yukon via Prince Albert, Green Lake and Fort McMurray. Mr. McLeod said that travellers going that way save fully 400 miles, and their only cost is for outfitting. This should be a big inducement for gold hunters who have not much money to lay out. Over 100 enquiries are received daily by citizens of Prince Albert about the route, and among the number on file is one from Hamilton, Ont., on behalf of a party of sixty men, who desire two hundred tons of supplies. Hauls, supplies and Yukon outfits can now be purchased in Prince Albert and many are expected to pass that way this spring.

Mr. F. W. Walsh, rancher of Graburn, came in from the west last evening.

Mr. S. Grieve, accompanied by Mrs. Grieve and family, returned to Brandon last Saturday.

It is rumored that a Nova Scotia company contemplates engaging in coal mining in the Souris district.

Parliament meets on the 3rd proximo, the first Thursday in February. Western Members are congregating at Ottawa.

Land in the Indian Head district has gone up from \$3 to \$8 per acre, owing to the fine crops secured there this year.

Mrs. Urton returned from Duck Lake Thursday week and is now the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Andrew Dunlop.

Mr. Harry Carson, of Winnipeg, arrived in town on Friday last, having secured employment with Mr. D. McTavish.

Programmes are out for the entertainment to be given by Miss McKnight and Mrs. McIvor Craig in the town hall to-night. A treat is in store for all who attend.

Rev. T. De Wit Talmage, the noted Washington divine, was married on Saturday. His bride is forty years old, while her husband celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his birthday several months ago.

The Canadian Pacific Railway have issued a list of steamer sailings to the north to their agents, showing the dates of departure from Vancouver, and arranging that each agent can secure accommodation through to Wrangell, Dyea or Skagway.

Preaching services will be held in Russell Hall next week to which all persons are cordially invited. Mr. Sweet will preach at each of the meetings. The services will be held on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. The hour is 8 o'clock.

An action for \$3,000 damages was brought against a Toronto hypnotist for the alleged injury to the health of a girl, by hypnotising her in order to ascertain whether or not she had any knowledge of a theft of goods from his house. The jury awarded damages to the amount of \$150.00.

Word is received from the east that a well known north country guide will probably be despatched to Yukon with important dispatches for Government officials at Dawson City. The letters are from the Department of the Interior at Ottawa, and the guide will go up alone by dog train via the all-Canadian route. An average of thirty five miles a day will be made from Edmonton north west.

Master Mechanic Cross, of the C.P.R., returned from Vancouver and Edmonton last week. Mr. Cross is glad to be back in Manitoba again, where he is free from the Klondyke excitement. He states that the majority of the people in the places mentioned have gone almost out of their minds with Yukon and Peace River fever. Those who live in this part of Canada have no idea of what the Klondyke craze means.

The old saying, "it never rains but what it pours," is very truthful, and can be applied to the entertainment events to take place next week. To-night Mrs. McIvor Craig and Miss McKnight appear in the town hall; St. John's church choir, assisted by local talent, will entertain on Monday evening; R. A. Hardie's "Ideals" will be here on Wednesday, and the Cosgrove family on Friday and Saturday week, with the prospect of more to follow.

The following is a special cable to the Toronto Evening Telegram, dated London, Jan. 24th: Canada is entitled to the honor of ranking seventh as a butter exporter to the British market. In 1894 the Dominion exported to England 20,887 cwt., and in 1897, 109,402 cwt. Canada since 1894 has supplied 50.4 per cent. of the cheese imported by England, the percentage for 1897 being 58.6, or 1,626,654 cwt. The cheese is of excellent quality, securing almost three-fifths of England's entire trade.

BIRTHS.
FLETCHER.—At Moose Jaw, on Monday, 17th Jan., the wife of J. W. Fletcher, of a son.
SMITH.—At Moose Jaw, on Friday, 18th Jan., the wife of Jno. Smith, of a son.

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair.
"DR."

PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING
POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 Years the Standard.

The first match for the Brown trophy was played last night week. The town won by 18 to 1.

Mr. H. H. Phinney, of the Post Office Department, Winnipeg, spent Monday in town on official business.

Mr. Wm. Ribbald, of Qu'Appelle Valley was in Regina, this week and reports stock doing exceedingly well.

Mr. Frank Oliver, Member for Alberta, will lecture at Winnipeg to-morrow night on the Edmonton route.

J. L. Bathgate, of Winnipeg, was in town this week appointing agents for the new acetylene gas light, his father having the agency for Winnipeg. The new light was exhibited in Mr. Watt's window for a couple of nights.

Rev. James Williams, Incumbent of Whitehead, returned east on Monday evening. Rev. Wm. Watson also went east by the same train and is visiting Regina and Eastern Assiniboia towns. He will not return in time for Sunday.

Rev. H. C. Sweet, pastor of the Moose Jaw congregation, returned from Winnipeg on Saturday morning. Mr. Sweet will occupy the Baptist pulpit at Regina next Sunday, Mr. J. F. Frazer, of that place, coming to Moose Jaw.

The following registered at the dining hall since last issue:—J. A. Steele, Thos. A. Gloss, Toronto; Walter Scott, Dr. Size, Regina; J. L. Bathgate, W. Sitt, G. H. Rubler, Wm. Cranston, H. H. Phinney, E. H. Taffel, Winnipeg; J. S. Hogan, Hamilton; H. L. Walton, Qu'Appelle.

Of the Moose Jaw curlers visiting Regina, Messrs. J. H. Bunnell, J. H. Brown, H. McDonald, and H. Ferguson registered at the Palmer; and Messrs. A. Wilcox, C. A. Gass and family, Jas. Rollo, Dr. Turnbull, O. Field and W. B. Willoughby at the Windsor.

The wife and family of Station Agent Goudie arrived from Oak Lake on Tuesday, and have taken up their residence in Moose Jaw. Mrs. Stevenson, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Nora, left on Wednesday to join her husband at Virden. A large number of friends gathered at the station to bid them good bye.

Mrs. Hitchcock's numerous friends regret to learn that she is suffering from the effects of a fall while walking out in New York. It was found necessary to remove her to the hospital where she underwent an operation. A second operation will be performed next week, which, if successful, will enable her to be about in a few days.

The Union Bank building, vault and office fittings were completed this week and it is expected that the institution will be ready for the transaction of business by 1st of February. Mr. Barrow, manager of the bank at Boissevain, will take the management of the bank at this place, and we understand that Mr. J. A. Creagh, of Hitchcock & McCulloch's, has accepted a position on the staff.

If the C.P.R. carry out the proposal to erect a new depot at this place next spring it is understood that the dining hall, which has long been a feature of the town, will be done away with. There will then be an opening for a larger hotel than Moose Jaw now possesses. Mr. J. H. Kern, of the Brunswick, has been negotiating for the purchase of the West corner of Manitoba and Main streets, with the intention of building of a fine new brick hotel.

The trophies won by Moose Jaw at the Regina bonspiel are on exhibition in Mr. Watt's window and reflect great credit to our creek curlers. There is the Tackett trophy (a solid sterling tin cup, lined with pure brass, value 10c.) won by G. K. Smith's rink; a beautiful watch charm (a tin road scraper with brass mounting) won from Ferguson (Regina) by J. H. Bunnell. There are also appropriate medals for Hugh Ferguson, Seymour Greed, Alex. McDonald, and W. J. White, who curls to "within an inch of the T."

North-West Appointments.

The last number of the North West Gazette contains the enrollment of Wellington Bartley Willoughby, of Moose Jaw, as an advocate. The following are among the appointments: To be administrator for the Territories, Honorable Justice Richardson; to be commissioner for taking affidavits, Geo. F. Gow, of Coalfields; to be justice of the peace, Insp. Belcher, N. W. M.P.; to be issuer of marriage licenses, Laurence Adamson, of Fort Saskatchewan; to be a game guardian, Chas. E. Goode, of Dundurn; to be a commissioner for solemnizing marriages, Anders Gustaf Olson, of Olfen, Assa. The Qu'Appelle Felt Boot Company (Limited), give notice of application for letters patent. The object for which incorporation is sought is the manufacture and sale of felt and its many features, whether wholly composed or made up of felt or otherwise, and the tanning and sale of sheep-skins. The chief place of business of the Company is at Qu'Appelle. The proposed amount of capital stock is \$15,000.00, in six hundred shares of \$25.00 each. Messrs. S. H. Casswell, J. H. McCool, J. A. Cassin, B. Harvey, and C. F. Musgrove, are the promoters.

In Full Swing

Our Great Clearing Sale is now in Full Swing & all taking advantage of it are saving

10 to 25 per cent.

We have still a number of Men's and Boys' Ulsters, Overcoats and Pea Jackets and are now giving great discounts off these goods; also a very large line of Men's heavy all-wool smocks which we are clearing out at cost.

Suitings are right in it this month and our stock is fast being reduced.

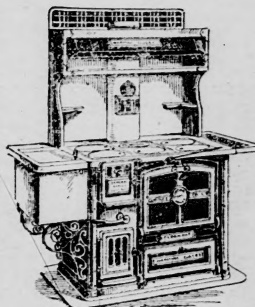
Men's fur coats, caps and all other lines of fur goods are now being sold at prices never before known.

A large range of Men's, Boys', Women's, Misses', and Children's felt boots and slippers to select from at your own prices.

Our stock must be reduced this month and we intend giving our customers the benefit of the sacrifice. Call and see our goods and get prices and we are satisfied you will be convinced that we can sell you goods cheaper than you can buy elsewhere. Always a pleasure to show goods.

M. J. MacLEOD.

Steel Range No. 2



We purpose if we receive sufficient number of orders to ship in a car of our Cast and Steel Ranges in April. All customers ordering in time for this car will get the advantage of the car rate on freight. Prices and terms may be obtained from our local agent.

GURNEY-FOUNDRY COMPANY LIMITED.
Jno. Brass, Agt.

FURNITURE

We have on hand a large stock of furniture consisting of

Bedroom Suits, . . .
Sideboards, . . .
Tables of all kinds,
Parlor Cabinets, . . .
Chairs (wooden and upholstered) . . .
Wool Mattresses, . . .
Spring Mattresses, . . .
Iron Beds, Etc., Etc.

Also a large stock of picture frames, mountings and paper racks.

John Bellamy.

Undertaking Supplies.

TEACHER WANTED.

Teacher wanted for Westview school for a term of eight or nine months, duties commencing March 1st 1898. State salary and qualifications. Apply to J. ARMSTRONG, Secy, Caron, Assa.

J.-A. MACDONALD,
GENERAL BLACKSMITH,
HIGH ST., MOOSE JAW.

1898

1898

J. A. HEALEY & CO.

WE BEGAN business in Moose Jaw in 1897 believing that there was an opening for enterprise and honesty of purpose. "Good Value" has been our motto. The crowds at the store at the end of the year is abundant proof that our efforts have been appreciated. The compliments of the Season have been exchanged. Health is in the air. Happiness and prosperity come to those who are at peace with their store-keepers and get best value for their money.

For 1898 we are, yours truly,

J. A. Healey & Co.

Hitchcock and McCulloch,

Bankers and Financial Agents.
Moose Jaw, Assiniboia.

Five per cent. interest allowed on Deposit accounts. Current accounts conducted on favorable terms. Collections solicited. Prompt returns. Drafts and Cheques bought and sold. Correspondents:—Bank of Montreal.



'Xmas 1897. New Year '98.

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WHOLESALE DEALER & IMPORTER
OF WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Having just received the last direct importation for the season, my stock is now complete in both imported and domestic goods, consisting of the choicest brands of Irish, Scotch and Rye Whiskies, Brandy, London Old Tom and Holland Gins, Rums, Port, Sherries, Champagnes, Claret, Sauternes, Burgundies, Ginger and Native Wines, Liqueurs and Bitters, Bass' Ale and Guinness' Stout, Cigars, Cigarettes, Etc.

Terms Spot Cash. Orders by mail receive prompt attention. Business hours from 8 to 10 o'clock.

Octavius Field.

THE GOODS YOU WANT.

Holiday Jewelry! We Have It!
IN EVERY LINE AND STYLE.

Set with Diamonds, Pearls, Opals, and other stones. The nearest goods on the market. We also have a nice line of watches, silverware and gold spectacles. Call early and see our bargain.

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Sole agent for Bell Organs and Pianos.

SHORTHAND.

Isaac Pitman's system taught by correspondence. New method of teaching. Success guaranteed. Terms moderate. Nature's own writing. Anyone can learn by our method of teaching. Eighteen years experience. Write for terms to REGINA SCHOOL OF SHORTHAND, Regina, 19th.

Canadian Pacific
.. RAILWAY ..

KLONDYKE.

Write for pamphlet descriptive of the routes to the Yukon country, sailing dates, rates, &c.

FEBRUARY SAILINGS

City of Nanaimo,	Feb. 3
Queen,	" 6
Danube,	" 8
City of Topeka,	" 9
Islander,	" 15
City of Nanaimo,	" 17
Corona,	" 19
Danu'e,	" 23
City of Topeka,	" 24

All agents can ticket through which will include meals and berths.

For full information apply to nearest agent or address

ROBERT KERR,
Traffic Manager, Winnipeg